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*To Our Most Beloved Friend  
and Classmate*



**Raymond "Tiny" Leb**

WHOSE LOSS WE SO DEEPLY MOURN.

WE, THE CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-SEVEN,  
OF THE NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL,  
DO OFFER THIS OUR HUMBLE WORK,  
AS A TRIBUTE  
TO HIS EVERLASTING MEMORY.





#### THE FACULTY

*Left to right, seated*—Mr. Stangel, Mr. Plain, Dr. Ostrolenk, Dean; Mr. McKown, Mr. Purmell, Miss Churchman.  
*Standing*—Mr. Samuels, Mr. Schmieder, Mr. Groman, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Wing, Mr. Fiesser. (Dr. Massinger and Mr. Mayer, not in picture.)

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# SALUTATORY

IRA A. WECHSLER

*Members of the Board and Faculty, Friends and Fellow Students:*

It has been customary in past years for Commencement speakers to talk of their achievements, of what they have accomplished and gained, and of the school's progress while they were students. Although we still have some of the original ideals with which we came here, we have not kept that former attitude that, upon graduation, we would go out and immediately conquer the world. We have learned here in the past few years some of the fundamental requirements of agriculture, and of a farmer's life; but, as yet, we are far from being perfect in that profession.

At present, there is a great deal of talk about the coming prosperous days for agriculture. Great economists predict brighter days, and they are in all probability right. But, judging from the present condition of the farmer, and the attitude of the people in general towards agriculture, those happy days in farming have not yet arrived.

According to all this, we should be leaving our Almer Mater discouraged with our chosen work. On the contrary, we can take an optimistic view of all this, because there is still left an open field with a vast amount of room for improvement; for, although it is still the oldest profession known to mankind, it is the one to which science has been least applied.

During our stay here, we have been prepared for the coming contact with the world, not only in the ways of agriculture, which we all have acquired with varying degrees of success, but also in the ways of practical experience, which will enable us to cope with all other problems outside of our scholastic career, concerning our fellow men.

It is only in a school of this type that one can gain this wisdom, for in other institutions one can only get this knowledge by coming in contact with the different problems of life after graduation. Here, they are brought to us when still in our undergraduate state, and we are left mainly on our own resources, to contend with them.

And so today I greet you to these exercises, not as one who has already succeeded, and is satisfied that he has made good, because he who has already achieved success has nothing more to look forward to in life, but I welcome you as one who has not yet made good, but who still has in his heart all his aspirations and dreams, that yet seem brave and worthwhile.



# PRESENTATION OF THE HOE

SAMUEL PRICE

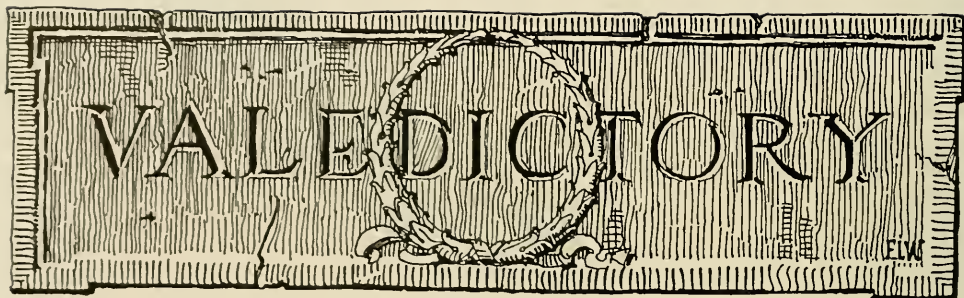
*Members of the Board, Faculty, Friends and Fellow Students:*

After three years of studying, and learning to love the soil and its products, we are sent out upon our own resources to show the world what we have learned at the school.

In the process of transforming the city boy to one of the country, the Farm School has taken on a task of a most difficult kind. To make a young man change his ways of living and practically all his views, is a task that requires time and patience. This, the school has done to our class, and to those who have gone before us. Only about a third of the number who entered in the spring of nineteen twenty-four, have withstood the drastic change in habits and manners of living, and are now ready to graduate and become advocates of the soil.

We came here fresh from the city, knowing little of farming. But by hard work throughout our three years, we have acquired a knowledge of agriculture and its ways, and have come to love it. We are now to test this knowledge which the school has sought to instill in us. We feel confident that we can withstand the tug of the outside world, and we are showing our confidence in our teachers by accepting positions along agricultural lines. We are determined to leave our mark in Farm School's Hall of Fame as a one hundred per cent agricultural class, and remain that way for the years to come.

This hoe, which has been a symbol of agriculture from early ages, came to us from the preceding class. I now present it to the President of the new Senior Class, hoping that with it, as a symbol of their class and their chosen calling, they will strive to uphold the traditions of agriculture, and become better farmers than those who have gone before them.



JACK ROSENTHAL

*Members of the Board, Ladies and Gentlemen and Fellow Students:*

We have come here today for the last time as students of the National Farm School. It is appropriate at this time to review our past life and activities, and compare them to our present welfare.

If you will pardon a personal allusion, I come from the tumultuous land of Russia, where misery has reigned supreme for generations. Schools for youths of our age were closed to the majority, because of economic conditions. Governments changed swiftly, almost overnight. The Revolutionary Government coming into power, would stop a passerby on the street and demand to know his political beliefs. If opposed to the Revolutionary Government, he was made away with quickly. The following day a counter-Revolutionary Government would come into power. Its agents would also halt a pedestrian and demand to know his political ideas. If opposed, he too was swiftly disposed of. Thus, those of our age were living in a period of suspicion, turmoil, and constant fear of death. They spent their lives in strife with no better prospect of better times, hardly being able to eke out a livable existence.

We, graduating from this school at this moment, also have our fears as to our future, but they are not the fears of life or death. In this country we enjoy an individual freedom of which Bolshevik Russia could not boast. Opportunities are open to a boy of average intelligence, ability and industry. Here we can turn our talents into any phase of human endeavor, our activities being only slightly limited by racial and financial differences.

The freedom in this country is so impressive, especially to a foreigner who came here only three years ago. Democracy seemed a fine theory; but for me, it ended in theory. Coming here to this National Farm School I saw it put into actual practice. Democracy, meaning equal opportunity for all, led to the foundation of this school. It is a place where those born in the United States as well as those born abroad can come and enjoy the fruits of their own labor. It is, Ladies and Gentlemen, not a National Farm School, but an International Farm School.

And now, Gentlemen of the Board, we, the members of the graduating class of nineteen twenty-seven, wish to thank you for your labors, which have enabled the school to carry on its work. But we have more to be grateful for than mere labors.

*(Concluded on page 27)*



#### THE SENATE

*Left to right, seated*—Sam Price, Samuel Katz, Vice-President; Ira A. Wechsler, President; Alexander Silver.  
*Standing*—Lewis Eckstein, David Friedland, Benjamin Goradetsky. (Joseph Lynch, not in picture.)





*"Bully"*

HARRY A. BACHMAN

Horticulture  
Age 19  
Baltimore, Md.

FRESHMAN YEAR:  
Class baseball, class football.

JUNIOR YEAR:  
Varsity football squad, varsity basketball squad, class baseball, class football, class basketball, GLEANER Staff, class treasurer.

SENIOR YEAR:  
Varsity baseball, Varsity football, Varsity basketball, Varsity Club, Freshman football coach, A. A. Board, secretary and treasurer of A. A., Class treasurer, Horticulture Society.

When "Bully" came to Farm School, he immediately made his reputation as a treasurer. During his stay, he has handled all our money. How he kept it is still a mystery. Your will and spunk have been shown by your perseverance in trying for every sport. Keep it up, old boy, and you're bound to succeed.



*"Zex"*

DAVID BRANDT

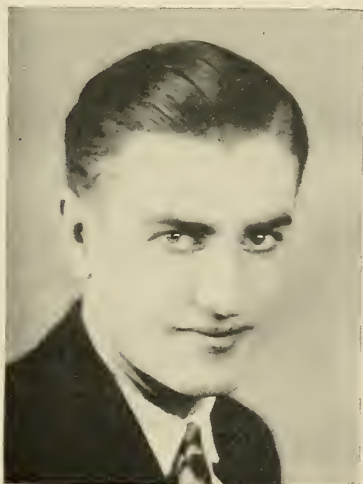
Poultry  
Age 20  
Philadelphia, Pa.

FRESHMAN YEAR:  
Class secretary, class baseball.

JUNIOR YEAR:  
Asst. tennis mgr., Council, Glee Club, GLEANER Staff.

SENIOR YEAR:  
Tennis Mgr., GLEANER Staff, Class Will, Poultry Club.

"Zex" originally came to Farm School with the '26 Class. The upper-classmen evidently didn't like the name of Weisberg. Zex's feelings were mutual so he left. Next year he came back. Not wanting to antagonize the upper-classmen, he changed his monicker to Brandt. Although you will be in California vamping Gloria Swanson, we will never forget your jolly laugh. Regards to California.



"Archie"

ARCHIBALD W. COHEN

Farm Manager  
Age 21  
Portsmouth, N. H.

FRESHMAN YEAR:

Class baseball, class football, Banquet Committee, class treasurer.

JUNIOR YEAR:

Varsity football squad, class baseball, class football, Vice-President of the Class, Prom Committee, GLEANER Staff.

SENIOR YEAR:

Vice-President of class, Vice-President of A. A., Business Manager of GLEANER, Welfare Committee, S. S. A. Committee.

Sir Archibald Wallace Cohen may sound like an English duke, but the only claim he has to this title is his New England dialect. When he inherited the name of A. W. Cohen, he also received the accustomed business ability. He proved it by piloting the GLEANER's money to its best advantage. Good luck, Archie.



"Mauri"

MAURICE J. COHN

Horticulture  
Age 18  
Long Island, N. Y.

SENIOR YEAR:

Horticulture Club.

Maurice, you are one of the most unique fellows we have ever had the pleasure of knowing. You were unconventional, and yet so conscientious. As a parting word we think you are well adapted to the work which you have taken up at the School. Let us hear from you after you graduate.





*"Ecky"*

LEWIS ECKSTEIN

Floriculture  
Age 20  
Philadelphia, Pa.

FRESHMAN YEAR:

Class football, Banquet Committee.

JUNIOR YEAR:

Class football, class baseball, assistant football trainer.

SENIOR YEAR:

Baseball manager, football trainer, Captain Green team, Varsity Club, A.A. Board, Senator, S. S. A. Committee, Horticulture Club, Year Book Staff.

As a fellow among fellows, Ecky, you need not be described, as the above speaks for itself. We are sure that you will follow your undertaking with the same spirit you have previously shown. The best advice we can give you, is steer clear of that alluring golden rake.



*"Bulldog"*

JULIUS H. FREIFELD

Dairying  
Age 19  
Chicago, Ill.

FRESHMAN YEAR:

Class cheer leader, class football.

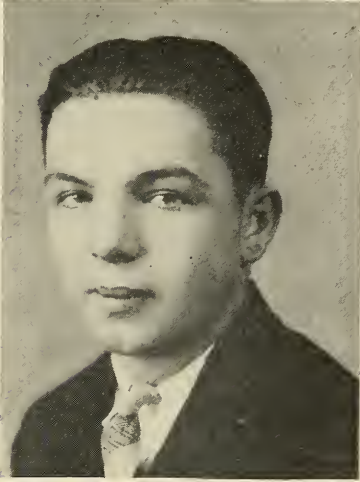
JUNIOR YEAR:

Varsity football, Captain class football, class basketball, Student Council.

SENIOR YEAR:

Varsity football, Ring Committee, Welfare Committee, Student Council.

Present arms! Parade dress! Here comes the main guy. Always outstanding in social activities. You have made a name for yourself in all your undertakings, and have brought home the bacon. To say that we are proud of you does not adequately express our feelings. Sergeant John, we salute you and may you soon become a "Captain of Industry."



*"Gil"*

GILBERT E. HARDIMAN

Farm Manager  
Age 18  
Philadelphia, Pa.

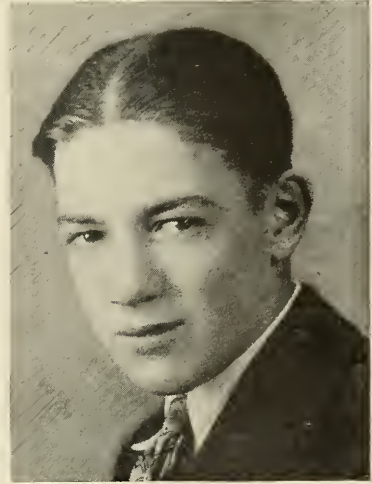
FRESHMAN YEAR:

Class baseball, class football.

JUNIOR YEAR:

Class baseball, class football.

Although short in stature, he has done big things as was shown by his ability as a farm manager. As his uke and personality have won our respect, so we know you will be respected in later life. So long Gil, be good and don't forget your friends of '27.



*"Sugar"*

ROBERT C. HOLLOWAY

General Agriculture  
Age 19  
Philadelphia, Pa.

JUNIOR YEAR:

Chess and Checker Club, Glee Club.

SENIOR YEAR:

Poultry Club.

"Sugar" you have not achieved honor in sports on account of your size, however, the way in which you go about your affairs shows us what kind of a man you are. Your interest in clubs is an assurance of your coming success. Best of luck, Bob.



*"Harry"*

HARRY M. KAHN

General Agriculture  
Age 23  
Philadelphia, Pa.

FRESHMAN YEAR:  
Winner of Garden Prize.

JUNIOR YEAR:  
Chess and Checker Club, Glee Club.

Although you have come from across the pond, you have instilled in us a respect for yourself by the success you have made in all your undertakings. You achieved honor in your classroom work, even though you were handicapped. This shows us the stuff you are made of. Harry, we hear you are going back to Palestine. Let us hear from you as often as possible.



*"Sam"*

SAMUEL KATZ

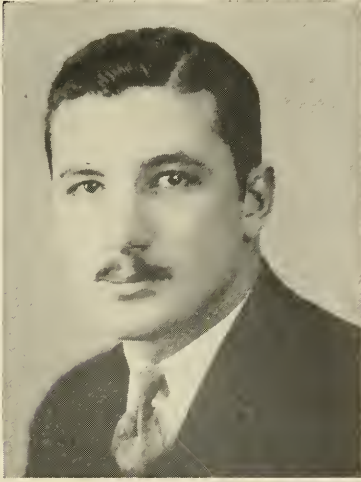
Farm Manager  
Age 21  
Toledo, Ohio

FRESHMAN YEAR:  
Class treasurer, Banquet Committee, class football.

JUNIOR YEAR:  
President class, Senator, Prom Committee, varsity football squad, class football, Glee Club.

SENIOR YEAR:  
President of A. A., President of A. A. Board, Vice-President of Student Body, Secretary of Senate, Chairman of Jury, Vice-President of Council, S. S. A. Committee, Freshman class adviser.

Sam, your record shows your worth to us; your ability to handle the class and social affairs wins our sincere admiration and respect. We know it won't be long before we'll hear from you from the outside world, as your ingenuity, energy, and personality will not let you stay long in obscurity.



*"Big Levin"*

ISADORE LEVIN

Farm Manager  
Age 20  
Philadelphia, Pa.

JUNIOR YEAR:  
Senator.

SENIOR YEAR:  
Captain Gold team, Varsity football.

"Big Levin,"—who is the handsomest man in Farm School, and why are you? We'll miss your moustache, but will see it, and the face around it, in papers announcing your first million in agriculture. You always came out on top, when it came to arguing; don't break too many hearts and don't forget to invite us to\_\_\_\_\_?



*"Herm"*

HERMAN J. LITWIN

Poultry  
Age 19  
Philadelphia, Pa.

FRESHMAN YEAR:  
Banquet Committee.

SENIOR YEAR:  
President Poultry Club, class historian.

Quiet and unobtrusive, yet you make yourself known by your results in your undertakings. If your poultry plant fails, it won't be your fault. Know that we are interested and behind you. We wish you the best of luck in all your work, you deserve it, for you have shown us your worth.



*"Ben"*

BENJAMIN HARRIS MILLER

General Agriculture  
Age 18  
Philadelphia, Pa.

JUNIOR YEAR:  
Chess and Checker Club, class football.

SENIOR YEAR:  
Horticulture Club, Poultry Club.

Ben is one of those quiet fellows who always minded his own business. We know you can stand the gaff, and will stick to whatever you do, and will make good. The best of luck, Ben, and let us hear from you.



*"Pos"*

AARON POSNER

Farm Manager  
Age 20  
New Orleans, La.

FRESHMAN YEAR:  
Class baseball.

JUNIOR YEAR:  
Class baseball, class football.

SENIOR YEAR:  
S. S. A. Committee.

A Southern boy, with a Southern air, and a tang of Southern romance. You fill us with a desire to achieve. The beckoning of the romance of great things calls you. You son of Dixie chivalry, hie ye back to the sunny south and show us what you can do.





*"Reds"*

WILLIAM R. POWELL

Farm Manager  
Age 18  
Miami, Fla.

FRESHMAN YEAR:  
Secretary Literary Society.

JUNIOR YEAR:  
Senator, Farm Manager.

SENIOR YEAR:  
Senator, Editor-in-Chief of GLEANER,  
President of class, S. S. A. Committee,  
Welfare Committee.

To lead people is his mission. Bill, we fear for you, dear boy, your popularity will make all the young hearts in Miami beat the faster. We know you will not forget us, and we bid you good-bye, proud to know that we knew you. You had some pretty tough breaks while you were here, but you came out on top, in spite of it all, which only goes to show what you can do.



*"Chin"*

SAMUEL PRICE

Landscape  
Age 19  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

FRESHMAN YEAR:  
Class baseball, Class football.

JUNIOR YEAR:  
Class baseball, Class football, Class basketball, Class secretary.

SENIOR YEAR:  
President of Class, GLEANER Staff, Student Council, Senate, Presenter of the Hoe, Horticulture Club, Welfare Committee, S. S. A. Committee.

Old "Chin" certainly earned his monicker, both from his facial appearance and his ability with certain members of the fatal sex.

We have had a tough fight trying to keep abreast of Sam in our classes, and the many offices he has held speak for him.

Well, cheerio, old pal, all your classmates hope you are as successful in life as you were here.



*"Spuds"*

JACK ROSENTHAL

Horticulture  
Age 19  
Philadelphia, Pa.

FRESHMAN YEAR:  
Class football.

JUNIOR YEAR:  
Glee Club, Chess and Checker Club, class  
football.

SENIOR YEAR:  
Valedictorian, Varsity football, President  
of Horticulture Club, Varsity Club.

Jack with the flashy teeth and the wavy hair, turns the hearts of the maidens fair. Now Jack, old boy, we know why you're going to be a Horticulturist. You are going to raise apples and, O boy; we envy you. With sighs and regret we part with you, Jack, but of course you will keep us informed of your whereabouts.



*"Carlos"*

CARL JULIAN SCHIFF

Farm Manager  
Age 20  
Bogota, N. J.

FRESHMAN:  
Class football.

JUNIOR YEAR:  
Class football, Chess and Checkers Club.

SENIOR YEAR:  
Class Secretary, Council, S. S. A. Committee, Welfare Committee, GLEANER Staff, cheer leader.

Ah! Another one—say, the movie company is sure missing something when our class leaves. Carl if you manage your farm like you managed the affairs d'amours, success in life is ahead of you. We'll miss your latest fashions and styles, also your sunny smile—even your moustache—but we met you, knew you, and will always like you, wherever you will be.



*"Gravy"*

LEO SCHWARTZ

Poultry  
Age 19  
Homestead, Pa.

SENIOR YEAR:  
Poultry Club.

Chicks ahoy! Avast there matey, look what's here. Why, Leo, the great dealer in spring chickens. They all walk on two feet, but not all have wings. Back to the old homestead, the prodigal son, who has made good. Leo, we are proud to know you, and wish you the greatest success.



*"Hesh"*

HARRY SEMEL

Farm Manager  
Age 18  
Philadelphia, Pa.

FRESHMAN YEAR:  
Varsity basketball squad, class baseball,  
class football.

JUNIOR YEAR:  
Capt. class basketball, class baseball,  
class football.

SENIOR YEAR:  
Varsity football, Varsity basketball, Vet.  
Club, Varsity Club, S. S. A. Committee.

The flashy cage guy. We know you, Hesh, the chum of every fellow in the school. Always laughing and joking, and keeping the class in a humorous mood. Your road is comparatively smooth, for your personality will win your way into every heart. Please, Hesh, just one more smile, as we linger awhile, and leave for destinies unknown.



"Al"

ALEXANDER S. SILVER

Farm Manager  
Age 19  
Philadelphia, Pa.

FRESHMAN YEAR:  
Class baseball, class football.

JUNIOR YEAR:  
Class baseball, class football, Senator.

SENIOR YEAR:  
Senator.  
Wit and humor himself. Alexander the Great, and the silver lining in every dark cloud, shining with smiles so beguiling. You laugh, crack a joke and take fate as it comes, or shape it into a mold. If popularity were dollars, you'd have Rockefeller sifting ashes in your cellar. Well, Al, behave yourself with the girls, and let us know when you have your first million.



"Sleepy Joe"

JOSEPH A. TUCHMAN

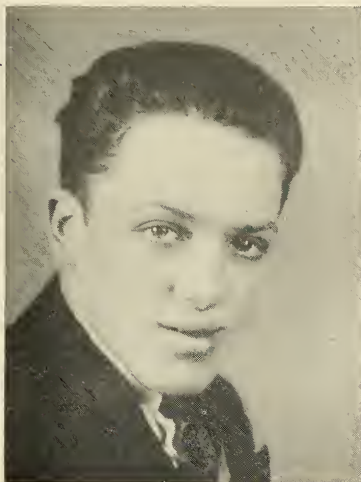
Horticulture  
Age 19  
Akron, Ohio

FRESHMAN YEAR:  
Class football.

JUNIOR YEAR:  
Asst. Welfare manager, varsity basketball squad, Class football, Class basketball.

SENIOR YEAR:  
Welfare manager, GLEANER Staff, basketball manager, Varsity football, Varsity Club, A. A. Board, Horticulture Society.

You sure have attached a few laurels to yourself, Joe. When something was to be done, everyone knew upon whom they could depend. You're leaving behind you a record of which you may well feel proud. We know that you are one of the fellows, who is going to stick to your chosen work until you have accomplished something.



"Doc"

IRA A. WECHSLER

Horticulture  
Age 19  
Boston, Mass.

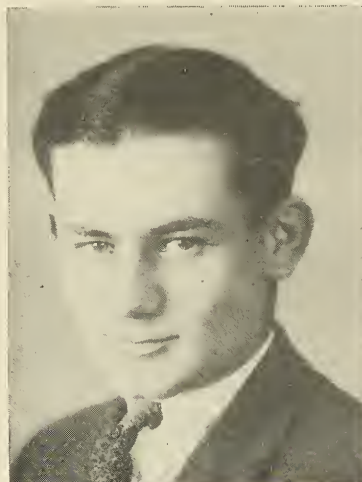
JUNIOR YEAR:

Senator, President of class, Chairman  
Prom Committee, class football.

SENIOR YEAR:

President of the student body, President of  
the Senate, President of the Council,  
Editor-in-Chief of the GLEANER, Welfare  
Committee, Editor of Yearbook, Saluta-  
torian, Horticulture Society, S. S. A.  
Committee.

Hats off to you, "Doc." You certainly  
have shown up big in your Senior year. As a  
leader you have done wonders. Ira, you  
are an ideal Farm School student. We  
should have written at least a page for you.  
We want to let you in on a secret. "Doc"  
is the only boy with the schoolgirl com-  
plexion. No—he doesn't use Palmolive soap.  
Well "Doc", good-bye and good luck. We'll  
miss you and we will always want to hear  
from you.



"Ween"

JOSEPH A. WEINBERG

General Agriculture  
Age 19  
Buffalo, N. Y.

FRESHMAN YEAR:

Chess and Checker Club.

JUNIOR YEAR:

Class football, Chess and Checker Club.

SENIOR YEAR:

President Chess and Checker Club.

"Ween" is a chap who never says too much.  
He is like the old adage "Still water runs  
deep." We know you will make a success  
in your future work. Well, Ween, we expect  
to hear big things from you and don't for-  
get your friends at National Farm School.





*"Moony"*

PHILIP M. WEISS

Horticulture  
Age 19  
Baltimore, Md.

FRESHMAN YEAR:  
Orchestra.

JUNIOR YEAR:  
Orchestra, class football.

SENIOR YEAR:  
Orchestra, Horticultural Society.

Here's "Mooney" Although he comes from Baltimore, he's white all the way through. When it comes to playing the trombone you are there. We wonder sometimes why you go to Doylestown so often. It must be the fair sex, and not the band. We are all expecting big things of you. Babe, don't disappoint us.



*"Dave"*

DAVID WILAN

Dairying  
Age 19  
Cincinnati, Ohio

JUNIOR YEAR:  
Class basketball manager.

SENIOR YEAR:  
President of Vet. Club.

"Dave" is a lover of animals, as we have found out long ago. Now, "Dave", leave your feline family in the hands of your followers and make good the position you take in life. We are looking forward to see you write a book on dairying, and become one of the greatest animal husbandry instructors. With your perseverance we know you will make good.



*"Billy"*

WILLIAM C. WOLFSON

Poultry  
Age 20  
Philadelphia, Pa.

FRESHMAN YEAR:  
GLEANER Staff.

JUNIOR YEAR:  
GLEANER Staff, class baseball, class cheer  
leader, Glee Club.

SENIOR YEAR:  
GLEANER Staff, Poultry Club.

You didn't earn your monicker, "Collegiate Billy", in vain. Billy is one of our uke players, and maybe he can't shake a wicked hoof. Before we leave you, Billy, tell us your secret of how you make the ladies fall for you. We know it isn't your size. We suspect hypnotism. Well Billy don't wait until you get your first batch of chicks before you write, but keep in touch with us, and give us a line on yourself.



*"Zolo"*

A. L. ZOLOTOR

General Agriculture  
Age 19  
Kansas City, Mo.

FRESHMAN YEAR:  
Class football, class baseball.

JUNIOR YEAR:  
Class baseball, class football, class  
basketball.

SENIOR YEAR:  
GLEANER Staff artist, class prophet.

"Zolo" is something of an artist, as you will notice by looking through this issue. He is also a detective. He has astonished us by unravelling many mysteries before our eyes. Zolo is one of the few who took up tractoring, and we expect he will be a second "Dutch." Best of luck from '27.

## Class History

HERMAN LITWIN

### I

THE S. S. A. of 1924 was the beginning of a notable year. The upperclassmen showed great ability and leadership in teaching us the rudiments of being a freshman at Farm School. (the bruises and knocks healed in time). With M. M. Cohein as our Senior adviser, we became accustomed to the ways of getting along without causing much unnecessary exertion on the upperclassmen's part.

Spring came and with it the baseball season. Our class was represented by Wiseman and Abelson on the varsity squad. We elected M. M. Cohien as our baseball coach, who faithfully coached us and enabled us to hold the Juniors in the annual interclass game, the score being 22-2. The Juniors having practically all varsity men on their team had a great advantage, but the game was played hard to the finish.

Our football banquet was an unprecedented success and will long be remembered by everyone. During the football season there were Walters, Pisarev, and Lev on the squad. Despite the fact that we lost our first class-game, we started our football game with renewed vigor.

We held the Juniors scoreless in the first half. The second half started and Borushiek of the Juniors picked up a fumble and ran for a touchdown. This started a rally for the Juniors and the game ended 33-0. Much credit is due to M. Goldstein for his ability and untiring efforts as our coach.

### II

A mournful occurrence marked the opening of our Junior year. Raymond Lev, one of our classmates, passed away on March 9, 1925. A memorial was erected as a tribute to him. His memory will always remain dear to us.

"Mack" Doremus was elected as our baseball coach. To our regret and grief we lost our third interclass game to the Freshmen, 16-6. Again our lack of athletic material was evident. Wiseman and S. Price were on the varsity squad.

With the arrival of football season, '27 was well represented by Katz, Cohen, Friefeld, Levin, Bachman, and W. Huff. Gordon was elected as our football coach and Friefeld, Captain. It was the best interclass game ever seen at Farm School and was hard fought. The game ended 13-0 in favor of the Freshmen.

Our last opportunity for getting retaliation came with the basketball season. With Santoria as our Coach and Semel as Captain we trounced the Freshmen 18-9.

Our Junior Prom was the best that was ever given at Farm School. Everybody who was there had the treat of their lives.

Before the close of our Junior year an Honorary Society was formed known as the Scientific Hicks. The "F" or Varsity Club was also organized. The Senate was augmented by the Jury. The system has been very successful and is to be continued.

*(Continued on page 28)*

THE SENIOR CLASS





## Class Prophecy

A. ZOLOTOR

**I**T WAS a hot, humid day in July, 1947. I sat on the front veranda watching my fleet of tractors cutting the vast acres of golden wheat. But I was not thinking of them as they roared by, spewing bundle after bundle. Instead, my mind was two thousand miles away—east by dead reckoning. How was the dear old Alma Mater getting along? How was it progressing? These thoughts were cruising through my head as my valet packed my things and my chauffeur was preparing the limousine for a long journey.

The car swept around and stopped in front of the house. The butler put the luggage in the tonneau, and after a few last-minute instructions I entered and silently we shot out along the road. What? Oh yes, the wife and kiddies were down at the beach enjoying themselves. At a high speed we skirted Kansas City, connecting with the International Highway at Independence, and sped on to the Lincoln Highway.

Flanking Cleveland, still keeping to the country, we entered an orchard section so large that it took us all afternoon to get out of it. It suddenly ended and broad, rolling acres dotted with cattle greeted us; then a series of buildings, topped by a sign with the following legend:

KATZ AND TUCHMAN  
DAIRY AND FRUIT GROWERS, INC.

"Good lord!" I exclaimed, "What an enormous place. Drive in, James."

The long hood of the motor poked its nose through a garland beauty that made my head swim. Flowers, herbs, shrubs of every shade and hue grew along the driveway. I hardly recall the greeting when we stopped, I was so dazed. After our jaws had all but dislocated themselves in chewing the proverbial rag, I soon had them with me in my car.

We entered that wonderful state of woodland beauty, rolling hills, forests, and winding streams flanked by dreamy dells—Pennsylvania. We passed beautiful dwellings enamored in riotous colors of flower beds and gardens, parks with sparkling lakes and lagoons, and Botanical Gardens of Utopian finalities and grandeur. Dazed, I noticed that no longer were the hills and grounds about Pittsburgh black and grimy, but rolling in the beauty of green and colors.

Still in its maze of mythical beauty in nature, we came to the homestead where we picked up Leo Schwartz. By the way, his huge Poultry plant is a monument to dear old N. F. S., to which Leo is grateful with his whole soul.

So we sped swiftly eastward, the amazing landscape work making our astonishment complete. But when we arrived at Farm School, we all but passed out completely for want of air.

Gasping like fish out of water, we reverently and with awe trod the walk that wound among a Botanical beauty that is indescribable.

We were greeted by Dean M. Cohn, Chief Dairyman, Dairy Engineer, and Instructor D. Wilan, C.D., D.D.; and Archie Cohen, H.H. (Hosses, Hosses) P.D.Q.



Supt. of all farms. Immediately I telephoned to Phila., New York, New Jersey, Baltimore, Boston and Florida, and I also wired to California. All responded to the call. First came Levin and Litwin, great shippers of the West——Philadelphia. Then came Semel who had just been promoted from a vender to a train conductor on the P. R. R. Rosenthal had invented a patent process for bridgework for the toothless, and was reaping in profits. He had also gotten a big *hand* when he left the Ritz after an oration, for which he is famous. Brandt owned the biggest Optical Corp. in Phila. He specializes in peepers glasses.

Miller had astounded the Dog Show world by introducing a new breed called the Bullpaups. Silver was the Czar of Strawberry Mansion, and was the coming politician of the country. Kahn had succeeded Rabbi Wise, who had just retired, and was acclaimed as the coming Rabbi of the age.

Wolfson's duck farm was a quacking success, and he also was the famous author of "How to Raise Ducks, Though Married." Eckstein's only worry about his wonderful greenhouses, was that on the north, a stone's throw away, was the rock quarry; on the west, a penitentiary; on the south blasting was going on; and on the east the ocean tide was coming higher and higher. Goldberg's barber shop was doing good business with Weinberg as a steady customer. Hardiman runs the famous Ukulele Shoppe on Market Street, and many a uke he forces on the public.

Then came the boys from further out, viz: P. Weiss, who conducted the Moon's Syncopated Orphanic Brass Band of New Jersey. Wechsler was president of the U. S. Double Stitched, Outseam, Inseam, Triple Welded, Ironbound, Buttonless Underwear, Inc.—guaranteed not to wear or turn to wool. Schiff had bought the Hart, Schaffner and Marx, Palm Beach and Goldbergs of Doyles City.

Bachman came over with his New Jersey Freshman Wonders to have a game with the Varsity. He has refused bids to coach Princeton, Illinois, Penn and West Point. Of course, the Wonders beat the varsity by a large score.

We repaired to Lasker Hall, where a bountiful dinner and flowing speech awaited us. In the midst of the carving of the delicious duck, Sam Price of the U. S. Dept. of Engineers in Landscape, arrived. To him goes the honor and everlasting fame for the wonderful work of landscaping in Pennsylvania. Bill Powell, who had amassed a fortune in the New Klondike of Florida, also arrived. A special telegram from Bobby Holloway, of California, was received by Dean Cohn. The missive announced the author's speedy arrival by a special plane.

After a day of glorious fun we were escorted by Lient. General Jules Friefeld's New York regulars to Philadelphia and thence to New York. At the Ritz-Carlton we terminated our meeting with a wonderful dinner and speech. After promises of a reunion in the near future we left for our various homes.



## Last Will and Testament of the Class of Nineteen Twenty-seven

DAVID BRANDT

**W**E, The Class of 1927, of the National Farm School, of the county of Bucks, of the state of Pennsylvania, of the United States of America, being noble products of this grand institution wish to diffuse and disseminate some of our effervescent knowledge which we have procured at this great fountain of learning. Forced by the great possibilities and responsibilities of our infinite knowledge, we have a word of warning to those who follow in our noble and benign footsteps.

Now is the time to consider the civilization and cultivation of the Echinococcus Polymerfus, and such institutions.

Thus we in sane mind and body do hereby bestow in this, our last will and testament, our attained resources and acquirements to our benevolent heirs, the Class of 1928.

To the Board of Directors, we leave the school, partly as we found it, and in parts as you will find it—maybe.

To the Dean, we leave a ream of paper to post notices with, and Al Silver's newly abridged latest volumes on Farm Economics entitled, "Why Farming Doesn't Pay."

To our most noble Coach, Teacher, Governor, and Alumnus, Samuel George, B.Z.X. Samuels, we leave a rod to help him push things through, and a pair of spectacles to help him see what he can do for us.

To the one and only Mr. Otto A. Stangel, H.B.B., we leave a set of overhead valves to speed up his gas chariot in making his daily morning detail rounds to all the farms.

To Mr. Campbell, we bequeath a correspondence course in the buying of wholesale merchandise—cheap.

To Mr. Mayer, L.G., we will a pair of imported English Golf Socks to match his famous knickers.

To Mr. Feisser, we leave a gilt-edged frame with his proverb engraved. "Gets the idea."

To Mr. Plain, C.C., we bequeath a guaranteed new Marmon Sedan, without an engine, to be replaced by his high powered Ford engine.

To Mr. Groman we donate a set of tools that are rubber edged to prevent any injury to tools, machinery, or students.

To Mr. Purmell, we will a golden stop watch to time his five-minute jobs.

To Dr. Massinger, R.P., we leave a golden spittoon and ten packs of Beech Nut (not chewing gum) and a manicuring set.

To Mr. McKown, we will an automatic sprinkler—to keep the fellows awake in his class.

To Mr. Schneider, B.K., we give the book of knowledge in blank to be filled out.

To Miss Gross, we will a recently patented machine which will automatically sort the laundry.

## The GLEANER

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To Miss Churchman, we assign a squad of freshmen with baseball bats to maintain order and silence in the library.

I, Leo Schwartz, alias Gravy, do hereby bequeath my hysterical laugh to Ovsanikow, to use at parties and funerals.

I, Levin, alias Pres. Coolidge, will my moustache to Carl Green in the hope that it might add to his masculinity.

I, Freifeld, alias Bulldog, bequeath my physiognomy to Nerlinger to keep and to show.

I, D. Brandt, alias Zex, will my head to Andy Blumer, to crow and to cackle with, on condition that he always wears it.

I, Ira Wechsler, alias Doc, will my two-piece underwear to Maltz, and the combination with it, as to how to put it on and take it off.

I, J. Weinberg, alias Riff, will my next year's issue and all my private books on muscle building to Z. P. Dornbusch, hoping this will make him an equal of his ancient enemy, Earl Leiderman.

I, P. Weiss, alias Moony, will be eyebrows and ten volumes on the cultivation of hair growing to Baldy Cowen—Baldy, see if you can raise a crop.

I, A. Posner, alias Poz, naturalist of the Class of '27, leave to Yankowitz my ability to trap, and to the rest, my plea to continue the work I began by exterminating the skunks and muskrats of Bucks County.

I, W. Wolfson, alias Collegiate Billy, leave my secrets on how to lure the women.

Seal affixed this 22d day of February,  
nineteen hundred and twenty-seven,  
exactly seven years after the begin-  
ning of women's suffrage.

Signed:

Sox Hepil  
Lit L. Greek  
Rum Pot  
H. B. B.  
C. C.  
Grab D. Gelt

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## VALEDICTORY

*(Continued from page 6)*

You have given of your time and thought to promoting this school. You have showed us that the making of money is not the sole aim in life which makes for permanent happiness. This school stands as a monument to your interests in youth, especially city youth, and to humanity at large.

To the Faculty we turn in closing. You have taught us more than the science of agriculture. We will not long remember the theory of the classroom, but we will remember the hours of association we have had with you. You have taught us how to appreciate the work and beauty of nature. After all is not that the greatest accomplishment for any teacher?

The pleasant hours of association spent with you, Fellow Students, will dwell long in our minds, and will be a constant stimulus to lead true, wholesome and honorable lives. Farewell.

## Class Poem

To reap a crop the seed we sow.  
The acorn falls for oak to grow.  
To build a house, foundation's laid.  
To find the fact, the theory's made.  
And so with all things under sun,  
One thing must start before it's done.  
If we, God's crop, are to succeed,  
A germ must be in every seed.  
We Farm School Seeds mature have grown;  
Now into the world, are sown.  
It now remains for us to thrive,  
To grow, to keep the Germ alive.  
That Germ which only grows with toil,  
That Germ which heeds the call of soil.  
We Seeds now go to form a crop,  
To replace farming on the top;  
On top the world, and close to Heaven  
The nearer to the Maker of, we Seeds,—  
The Class of Twenty-Seven.

## CLASS HISTORY

*(Continued from page 22)*

### III

Senior year in all its splendor had arrived at last. We started the year by electing Powell President of our class, and under his leadership and guidance we have many achievements to our credit.

The Senate, presided over by Wechsler, introduced many new privileges for the benefit of the students. The week-end, single detail, and smoking rule were continued. A new idea was put before the Senate and with the consent of the faculty Saturday mornings off were allowed to all students. Another smoking rule was passed permitting all Seniors to smoke pipes on the campus during week-ends.

The Horticulture, Veterinary Science, and Poultry Clubs were organized. Each has a large membership, and is very popular.

Senior farm managers were successfully continued. Two new farms were added to the school, making a total of eight farms. Each was taken charge of by a Senior, and everything was completed in time. The farms are now in first-rate condition.

The Baseball team had a hard schedule, but had a fairly successful season.

*(Continued on page 52)*



# AS YOU LIKE IT

BY POSNER, '27

NAME	AMBITION	DESTINY	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	NICKNAME	FAVORITE SPORT	BEST FRIEND
BACHMAN	Have a girl out to a dance	Truck farmer	Got any money?	Bulldy	Baseball	A. A. Dues, etc.
BRANDT	To run an incubator	Undecided	You're having your fun now but wait "A bottle of pup"	Zex and Tommy	Pulling legs	Campbell
COHEN, A. COHEN, M.	Own a farm A turkey raiser	Salesman The fighting maniac	Shut up, you hear me	Portsmouth Simon Legree	Going to Philly Fighting	Phil? A whip
ECKSTEIN	Go on the stage	Greenhousing	Here's another good joke	Ecky	Jigging	Mayer
FREIFELD	To be good looking	Real Estate	One more waltz and she's mine	Bull Dog	Patting himself on the back	Himself
HOLLOWAY	Tractor man	Movies	I'm thru with girls	Sugar	Reading <i>College Humor</i>	Any girl
HARDIMAN KAHN	To play a uke Farmer	Organ grinder Pork inspector	Ain't you cute U tink you're funny	Gil O'Kahn	Playing a Uke Singing	Ukulele Miss Churchman
LITWIN	Poultry farmer	Auto salesman	He knows it all	Litwin	Driving his Ford	His Ford car
LEVIN	To raise a family	Barber	You can't do better	Big Levin	Football	A safety razor
MILLER	Be a sheik	Soda jerker	No kidding	Bully pups	Studying	A bag of pretzels
POSNER	Plantation owner	Navy	That's a fact	Pose	Target practise	A square meal
POWELL	Charleston winner	Farmer	That's a lot of bunk	Reds	Helping student body	Everybody
PRICE	Landscafer	Selling candy	A. A. room open	Sam	Harvesting a spud	Customers
ROSENTHAL	High Timer	N.F.S. instructor	Wun punch in de belly	Spuds	Studying	Textbooks
SCHWARTZ SCHIFF	Duck raiser To get married	Bootlegger Clerk	I just got a package Want a girl for the dance	Gravy Carlos	Laughing Women	Samuels Dance Chaperones
SEMEL	Prohibitionist	Bootlegger	Gimme a cigarette	Hesh	Getting drunk	A package of cigarettes
SILVER	To be a farmer	Strawberry mansion	There's no money in farming	Al	Chiseling	A pair of suspenders
TUCHMAN	To do a day's work	Fruit grower	Gimme a cigarette I'm getting some tonight	Joe	Basketball	A. A.
WECHSLER	Dean of N.F.S.	B.V.D. manufacturer	I'll push it thru	Doc	Keeping his school-boy complexion	La Grange
WEINBERG	General Agriculturist	God knows	Got a match	Ween	Trapping	Osty
WEISS	Play in Sousa's band	Motorman	What do you mean	Moony	Coming to meals late	His new girl
WILAN	Owning Walker Gordon	Milk tester	I can't help it	Dave	Fixing engines	Tailor uptown
WOLFSON	Chicken caretaker	Some kids old man	I'm offa girls for life	Collegiate Billy	Kidding Brandt	Chickens (both kinds)
ZOLOTOR	Fight Indians	Cartoonist	The coach won't gimme a chance	Zolo	Reading detective stories	Pencil and paper



# THE GLEANER STAFF

*Left to right, seated*—Carl P. Green, Carl J. Schiff, Ira A. Wechsler, Editor-in-Chief; Mr. McKown, Adviser; Harry Bachman, Sam Price, David Brandt.  
*Standing*—Max Levine, Edwin Mayer, Eli Bernhard, Joseph Tuchman, Ruben Tunick, Herman Trichon, Benjamin Graffman, Al Zolotor, Archibald Cohen, Business Manager, not in picture).

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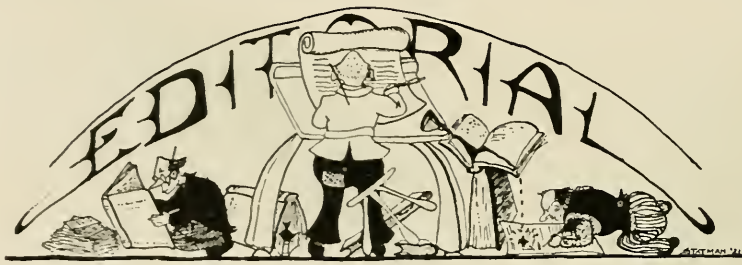
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## That Bernard Shaw Stuff

IRA A. WECHSLER, '27

A WELL KNOWN soap manufacturer once made the remark, that students should not form clubs, or receive prizes, for their scholastic achievements. From this statement, the Faculty of a well known school dissolved the Honorary Society there, and decided not to award prizes for scholastic work in the future.

If this statement is correct, that there should be no incentive for classroom attainments, that students should study for the subject itself; then scholars graduating from school should not receive diplomas. Why should one student, who has attained high grades be given a prize, in the form of a diploma, in recognition of his work? Why should college graduates, having attained a certain standard, receive degrees? Why should we not all become automatons, working mechanically, not trying to get ahead, not trying to attain a goal, not trying to receive a reward,—but just for the thing itself——Altruists?

If we acted in accordance with the above, we, while students, would be creating false ideals for ourselves; for when we get out into the world, we do not find people doing things for the good of the thing itself—we all want rewards. After all, we are only human beings and it is only human nature for man to want some reward in recognition of his labor. Any student of psychology would know that.

George Jean Nathan, the well-known critic, said, that in the heart of every altruist the largest mirror is to be found; and I think he is right. Every altruist, every philanthropist, seeks his reward, if it only be in the form of distinction and praise.

Therefore, the only conceivable reason for a man making such a statement, for the abolishment of the incentive in scholastic work, is to get himself in the public eye, by the mere foolishness, the very unsoundness of such an idea.





CARL P. GREEN, '28

## Looking Into The Future

**W**E OFTEN hear boys say, "I feel like leaving school and going to work." Why? Perhaps it is on account of an unsatisfactory report, the dislike of a teacher or a hard subject. It may be the desire for more spending money, or a sense of duty to help out at home. Whatever be the reason, the boy makes up his mind, consults his friends and the Help Wanted columns of the newspapers, and usually takes the first position he can get. Frequently this job offers no opportunity for advancement, and affords little practical experience of value.

There are thousands who have left school in haste and then regretted at leisure—thousands who have wasted valuable time on a job with big wages at the start—big because there was no future in the work—only "boys" were wanted—and in a few years when the boy is about twenty years old, he finds himself without work and any special training, and more or less unfitted to start in and learn a trade, or go back to school and learn a profession. So many people go out into the world with the mistaken notion that they must take the first position offered to them. They do not realize that they can choose their own careers.

We have all watched a mother dog train her active little puppies for their real life ahead of them. She plays with them. Little by little the play gets rougher. The training is never tedious, and every four-legged scholar is keen for it.

In the exceptional boy there is a call to greatness, a call which thunders in his soul like the awful thunder of the earthquake. It says to him, "You are not what you are or seem. You are more." They feel they are meant for bigger things, even bigger than have been attempted, and in them there is not only the voice of the past but the call of the FUTURE.

To the "Graduating Class"—the world awaits you. From every field of work comes the cry for Leadership. The world's problems are greater than the men who are dealing with them. Ordinary men can not hope to deal with extraordinary situations. Will you rise to the opportunity—will you accept the challenge to become an "above-the-average" man? Then you must be every day the above-the-average young man, *for what you are to be, you are now becoming.*

H. B. TRICHON, '29

## The Rat's Claw

WILLIAM GOODSTEIN, '29

“*I*T SHALL be done.”  
“Pardon! Leave it to André.  
Come, let us drink.”

“Jacques is right. Let us drink.”

The little party arose from its table in the corner of the room and proceeded to the bar of the Café Sans Souci, in the heart of the Underworld of Paris.

Three of them appeared to belong to the underworld, but the appearance of the fourth belied his company. The wit and intelligence which manifested itself upon his handsome countenance, the refinement which was displayed in his clothes, his poise and his speech showed him to be a gentleman. He seemed to be far removed from his proper sphere amid the squalor of the underworld. Nevertheless, he was the one in whom so much confidence was placed. He was the trusted André.

And strangely enough when the party dispersed, André Moreau walked rapidly to the detective agency, took a seat at a desk, and busied himself with some papers.

It was the darkest, most uncanny hour of the night that just precedes dawn. By peering intently and long, a small bed, upon which a huddled figure lay, could be discerned in a corner of the room. An old closet rested its worm eaten remains in the opposite corner. Beyond these, the room was devoid of adornment, though its shabby walls might well have had shame enough to hide themselves.

Suddenly, a low moan issued from the bed; then silence; another moan; some confused muttering; a pause; a heart-rending shriek of agony and abject terror,

the figure started from the bed, and rushed wild-eyed to the window as the first gray of dawn appeared above the housetops of Soho Square, the French quarter of London. Gibbering like an idiot and gesticulating wildly, he slowly subsided and sank to the floor, muttering incoherently.

That day, there appeared at the headquarters of Scotland Yard, a man who had the appearance of a grief-stricken, persecuted person. Upon closer examination, one could perceive that he was of French origin. His short stature and the mould of his features would tend to classify him as a half-apaché. The ghastly expression on his face offset the favorable effects of his clothing. The once handsome features were now drawn, the eyes were sunken, and ingrained terror was written plainly across the mournful countenance.

He seated himself in a chair in the “chief’s” office and began his story.

“My name is Antoine Ribault. I used to live in a respectable section of Paris. I was quite happy with my wife and little daughter until one day I received a mysterious message. I opened it. In an awkward hand was scrawled a message so horrible that, were I a mad man I could not comply with its bidding. The words were followed by “or” and in place of a signature—my hand trembled as I showed it to my wife—was a horribly lifelike picture of a rat’s claw, dripping blood!

“Of course I went to the police immediately. One day, when I returned home from my little shop, the detective remarked that he was beginning to think

it was all the prank of some practical joker. The tension was growing less. A sense of laxity seemed to prevail over us after that first excitement had passed.

\* \* \* \* \*

"'Excuse me a moment, dear,' said my wife, 'I just want to see how Jacqueline is. She's been sleeping these past two hours'

"She left the room and I continued to chat with André Moreau, the detective. All of a sudden, we both literally froze to our seats. A shrill scream came from the next room. I shuddered to think of what I was to see. We rushed into the room. My breath was taken away. I was dazed. Lying prostrate across the bed was the form of Thérèse, my wife. My first thought was for her.

"'Is she——?' I began tremulously, but the good André had worked faster than I.

"'O. K.' he snapped, 'Only swooned. But come here quick. Look!'

"He lifted the cover of my daughter's crib and revealed her—dead! There on her pillow was a slip of paper. Upon it was scrawled in the same hand, 'You have not obeyed. Be warned.' And again it was signed by the same insidious, disgusting stamp.

"To complicate matters, no sign of human agency could be found. Not even a footprint, not a clue could be detected.

"Much as we urged her, Thérèse refused to leave the scene of our daughter's death. We were left unmolested for about a week. Then, one night, while I was sitting alone at the table, the air was split by ——

"'Antoine! Antoine!'

"As I ran into the room, I found André already there. Thérèse lay prone upon the floor gasping her last. Her face and arms were streaked with parallel scratches, as though from a rat's claw! In her dress was a missive.

"'Beware! Your turn shall come.'

"It was signed by the same repulsive token, now fraught with horrible significance.

"Urged by the police, I left Paris, and took up my residence here in Soho Square. I rented a little apartment, the best I could obtain with my much depleted fortune. I lived in a sort of daze as, indeed, I still do. Grief stricken by the death of my beloved wife and daughter, I go about my affairs half-mad. At least until last night, I had been untroubled by that vicious rat.

"Last night, while I was in a state of semi-consciousness, I saw a dark shadow glide out of the corner. I held my breath. From within the shadow, a spot of red appeared. Gradually, it lengthened and assumed the shape of a rat's claw! It gleamed in the darkness, strangely luminous. I wanted to scream for help but my tongue was glued to my palate. Slowly the claw nodded in my direction like a warning finger. I tried to get up but I was held spell-bound. My eyes were popping out of my head. I could not breathe. I felt that in another moment something would snap in my brain. I was paralyzed with fear, unable even to gasp for breath. At last my terror broke its bonds. I shrieked and ran to the window—to be greeted by the welcome sight of the rising sun. A wave of heat passed over me, and I sank slowly to the floor. When I awoke, I could find no trace of what I had seen. I do not know whether it was supernatural or not, nor do I care. After that, I cannot live long. I am a crushed man. That was the last warning. But as my last wish, I want to know that the rat, whatever it may be, will be followed until it is caught."

"André Moreau is here," grunted the chief in a gruff voice, "it is his case. He can take charge of it."

(Continued on page 64)



## Working Up a Reverie

FRANK STONITSCH, '28

**O**FTEN have I heard of the reveries of a poet: of his musings to the accompaniment of Nature's strain. But being of an unimaginative turn of mind, I thought little of such pleasantries. However, I had always wondered if I could reach that poetical heaven, wherein one's thoughts are raised to great heights by every simple sight. If my surroundings were adapted to this purpose, I reasoned, I might succeed. So it was, that one June day I rambled off to the woods, in the mental guise of a poet, though somewhat skeptical.

In truth, I had selected an ideal country for my trial. It abounded in solitary retreats, wild streams, and solemn forests. In my rambles I had often come upon a hidden glade. There I would lie upon the sward and muse. A poet would have said, that the glade was a haunt of the Naiads, or of Diana and her train. In such a spot, perhaps, Endymion slept in that peaceful night. But, fough, how absurd, to picture such things! Slowly I wandered homeward in the gathering dusk just as the copper sun sank in the burnished sky.

Nothing daunted, I again sallied forth, to test fortune anew. Slowly I wandered through the verdant woods. The soft carpet of grass was restful to my wearied feet; the forest breathed the quiet peace; only a slight breeze rustled in the leafy boughs; from a distance could be heard

faint murmurings of a merry little brook. Overhead the swallow drew forth his song and charmed his mate. Amid such scenes did I stroll with light tread, fearful of disturbing the sylvan quiet. And with every step, my mind was succumbing to the magic force of the woods. As I walked, a leaf flittered from a tall oak and floated to my feet. Distractedly I stopped and lifted it. It was fresh with the breath of summer and warm with the caress of the sun.

The oak from which it came was a stately one. How like a noble Greek, it stood, rearing his head high above the common assembly. Truly a poet of the forest, to whose ears the soft, whispering breeze bears the love tales of the woods. The green leaves are his verses, far more wonderful than those of mortal man; yet disregarded and unnoticed. Combining the beauty of youth with the wisdom of the age, he stands, a mute symbol of the power and majesty of God. Suddenly I was startled from my reverie by the chirping of an impudent squirrel. He seemed to question this unwanted intrusion into his domain. Slowly then, I retraced my footsteps, marveling at the grandeur of the "Father" who had made such a beautiful world. And strange, in the forgetting of my plan, I had succeeded in enjoying a poet's reverie, which, I discovered was not reserved for poets alone, but for all simple folks.





## Old Oak

FRANK STONITSCH '28

*As I wandered through a forest  
On a day of budding June,  
I found a lone and ancient oak  
That seemed old as the moon.*

*Its trunk was of a twisted shape  
With gnarled and writhen bark,  
A leaf clung to a barren limb,  
And on it crooned a lark.*

*Around it grew wild daisies,  
That sighed a fragrant breath,  
Beside that old and dying tree,  
That seemed so like to death.*

*Enraptured then, I wondered  
About this hoary tree—  
And would it wear its mossy cloak,  
And bloom eternally?*

*How many ages had it bloomed?  
How many leaves unfurled?  
Under the vault of a summer sky,  
The oldest tree in the world.*



## How Some Great Men Have Died

D. BRANDT, '27

*"The greatest of the great, it seems,  
Come to their deaths thru unfair means."*

**I**N LOOKING over the lists of heroes who have won fame in this world, we find that many of them met their death at the hands of those whose hearts were filled with envy and hatred. Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, was assassinated in his study; Charles I, of England was beheaded; Humbert of Italy was shot; Thomas A'Becket, the priest of Canterbury, was stabbed; while Demosthenes poisoned himself, so that his enemies could not have the chance of doing the same to him. One of the most

imposing deaths was that of Nathan Hale. When he was taken by the British as a spy, he was sentenced to be hung. A Bible was denied him, and he was not permitted to write a few loving lines to his sorrowing mother, telling her of the sad fate which awaited him. His spirit never wavered for an instant. When he was about to be swung into space he muttered those everlasting words—"I only regret that I have but one life to give to my country."

Caesar was betrayed by a kiss to leave his sick wife, and go to the Senate chamber, where, through the jealousy of supposed

*(Continued on page 76)*

## *Carl Campus at the Basket, or the Invincible Five*

HARRY WEISSMAN '29

### CHAPTER I

CARL CAMPUS stood nonchalantly at the corner drug store in Slocumsville, trying to figure out new ways and means of improving the team of his beloved Alma Mater, the D. W. C. High School. As captain of the basketball team, he had ventured within the lines of the enemy, his school's ancient rival, Squedunk High School, to obtain some ideas regarding the most dangerous plays of their team; and now, with the details of his observations still fresh on his mind he could not help but realize that his school would certainly have to put up a terrific battle to break through the enemy's defense.

Thus far, he had spent two extremely enjoyable years at high school. His modest nature, generous and manly character, which was evident in every line of his face and in his noble forehead, gained for him the respect of many students, and the admiration of the entire faculty. However, as is the case of many a youth who has carried out a determination to be a credit to his family and school, he had made a few enemies, but these were known generally to be of roughneck type who had grown envious of his achievements in scholastic sports.

In "Carl Campus on the Track, or For the Glory of his School," the first volume of this series, we saw how he had obtained the coveted "Eagle," the insignia of speed. No less was he successful in America's two greatest outdoor sports, as was recorded in "Carl Campus on the Field or Fighting with Grit," and "Carl Campus, Pitcher, or The Boys of D. W. C.

on the Diamond," in both of which games our hero had risen from the ranks of the second teams and had distinguished himself on the field of battle by sheer determination and pluck. It was through his ability as a natural-born leader that he found himself captain of the D. W. C. five and there was no doubt in the mind of anyone that he could lead his men to victory in the forthcoming game with Squedunk.

As he stood there gazing into emptiness, he became aware of a pair of the most dazzling blue eyes a few feet from him, and waking up out of his reverie, traced them to their owner, an extremely attractive girl with a face so round and fair that his heart went out to her immediately.

Suddenly, he noticed Larry Hocksure, a disreputable character to all those who knew him intimately, and his most bitter enemy, edging up to the girl, evidently with the idea of forcing his attentions upon her without going through the formalities of an introduction. Now this was something which Campus considered very poor manners and a sign of ill breeding, and he would not have in his circle of friends anyone who stooped so low in dignity and character. It was evident that although the girl tried to pay no attention to Larry's smirking and probably ugly remarks, his presence was becoming distasteful and extremely annoying to her. So when Carl saw him grasp her arm and hold it despite her efforts to escape, he strode fearlessly forward and seizing the ruffian by the collar, sent him twirling fifteen feet down the street, sprawling at his full length upon

the pavement—having slipped upon a banana peel. He was certainly a lugubrious sight, and as he arose his dark visage was anything but pleasant to behold. He evidently had recognized the person who had struck him, for as he advanced with fists clenched and eyes darting fire he hissed, "Carl Campus, you've interfered with my schemes to much. I'll teach yuh," and he swung at our hero with all his might and main.

But he had reckoned without his host, for in the twinkling of an eye, his head swung upwards and again he went down. from the impact of a fist, which proved only too well, the result of abstinence from tobacco and liquor, and of right living. By this time Larry had had enough of our hero's poundings, and he slunk away muttering under his breath incoherent threats of revenge.

Little by little, the crowd which had gathered melted away and only the girl and Carl remained.

"Oh, how can I thank you," she cried, "he was getting so unbearable."

"I'm very glad to have been of assistance, but I only did my duty as a gentleman," said Carl modestly, "I trust you were not frightened."

"No! No! but it is some distance to my home and he might attempt some similiar action; I wonder Mr.—er—er," said she in confusion.

"Carl Campus is my name."

"Thank you, mine is Loretta Fenton. As I was saying could you please see me home?"

"I should be a perfect ass to refuse such an invitation," said Carl meaningly as Loretta blushed a deep red.

During the walk to her home, he discovered that she attended a nearby Girls' High School and was very much interested in school athletics. She, herself, was on her school basketball six,

composed of girls, and naturally when Carl told her of his accomplishments in the gymnasium, she grew less and less reserved so that when her house was reached—too soon to suit both of them—they were chatting quite amiably and she had expressed her determination to see him beat the Squedunk team. His heart leaped excitedly when they said good-bye, as she gave his hand a gentle and encouraging squeeze.

On the way back to his own home a vision of two blue eyes, a pretty aquiline nose, and a sweet inviting mouth, kept recurring before his vision. More than once he found himself musing at a singularly significant word—"Loretta."

## CHAPTER II

The day of the game found Carl Campus in a state of nervous anxiety—not that he feared for the ability of himself and the rest of his fellow players, but he sensed some foul play, for he knew that Larry Hocksure would stop at nothing to worst him. Larry played opposite him as center on the rival team.

The game was characterized from the very start by the whirlwind plays of both schools. There was no mistaking however, that Hocksure was watching for some opportunity to manoeuver so as to be able to put the D. W. C. center out of commission. His shifty glances of unmistakable hatred brooded ill for our hero, and Carl determined to take no risks and give his enemy any chance of forcing him out of the game.

On his side, Campus was playing a wonderful game. He seemed to be at all strategic points at once, and five times in succession prevented a goal for the enemy, which, if it had been successful would have spelled defeat for our hero. The perspiration stood out in shiny beads on his face and arms, and his eyes blazed



with that calm determination of his. Coach Sleumas at the bench noted with glowing admiration that do-or-die expression on Carl's face, and smiled sarcastically at the thought that Squedunk might possibly win. With his pupil in the game D. W. C. could not lose, and he knew that nothing short of the most disabling injury, could keep the young athlete from leading his team to victory. That the score stood nothing to nothing, bothered him not in the least, so confident was he of the starring center.

During the intermission between the halves, Carl Campus took some time to instruct his men as to the weaknesses of the visitors. He pointed out that they had been fouling very irrationally, and he assured them that only the well trained team could win; and D. W. C. had that team.

Coach Sleumas in turn gave him a point or so on the strange behavior of Larry.

"Look out for him," he continued, "he means you ill."

"I will, Coach" answered Carl with a grim face. "he tried to kick my shins once with the heel of his slipper, but I evaded him, much to his chagrin."

"That's good, and if he tries it once more, call the umpire's attention to it."

But Carl merely exclaimed, "I'd rather not do so, Mr. Sleumas, it would seem too much like poor sportsmanship, especially if no one noticed it. I know I'll win, and I'll do it on my own merits, playing my own game, and letting that fellow play his. He can't stop me now no matter what he does. In fact he merely stimulates me to better action, and I am more determined than ever to bring dear D. W. C. to the top."

The Coach continued to smile—confidently.

The second half opened with the same

rushing tactics, that were so characteristic of the previous period. However, Carl noticed that Hocksure, emboldened by the fact that he had thus far escaped detection, was following closely—too closely—upon his heels, but our hero chose to ignore him except to grapple with him for the possession of the ball. In one instance, just as he had seized the ball, he felt a sharp blow directly beneath his heart, and he turned in time to see his enemy step behind a player, so as to seem innocent of any charge. Although the blow made him gasp and choke, Carl held the ball sufficiently long enough to pass it to a teammate who, however, failed to score. He said nothing, but he came back more guarded than before.

The game was drawing swiftly to a close, and Carl decided to do his very utmost to get past the interference of the Squedunk team. In the last minute left for play, he decided to use his final trick. He called time out and after having explained his idea to the team, resumed play with every nerve and fibre tense, and his mind fully awake to the game before him. He secured the ball and bent his left knee—a signal for the forthcoming play. Making as if to throw to his forward, who had run in ahead of him, obviously to receive the ball, he suddenly shot it behind to his guard, and running forward waited in mid-field, taking advantage of Squedunk's rushing for his guard. The enemy soon perceived their error when Carl shouting sharply received a pass and was about to shoot a sure basket, when Larry tore straight for him, and under the pretense of fighting for the ball made a shift to strike the youth in the pit of the stomach, so as to cause him to convulse with pain. Even as he went down, his brave mind refused to see defeat, for still grasping the ball, he sent it twirling from the center line to the goal.



He saw it pass down the net, heard the rumbling roar of the spectators, and as the final whistle blew, he drifted off into unconsciousness.

The next day Campus went to visit Miss Fenton. She blushed deeply when he offered her a small bouquet of roses, which he had bought in a nearby store, and then she inquired anxiously.

"You've gotten over the effects of yesterday's treachery, haven't you? I hope you feel better now."

"Yes," said Carl, "but you have it within your power to make me feel much better."

"How can I," she asked, although she knew well enough what he meant.

"By allowing me," he burst out, "to become your servant; I'll do anything for you; I love you."

Her eyelids fell, and as Campus stepped forward, and swept her into his strong, manly arms, she looked up at him with brimming eyes of unmistakable love and declared, "And I love you too."



## A Cynic's First Verse

D. W. F.

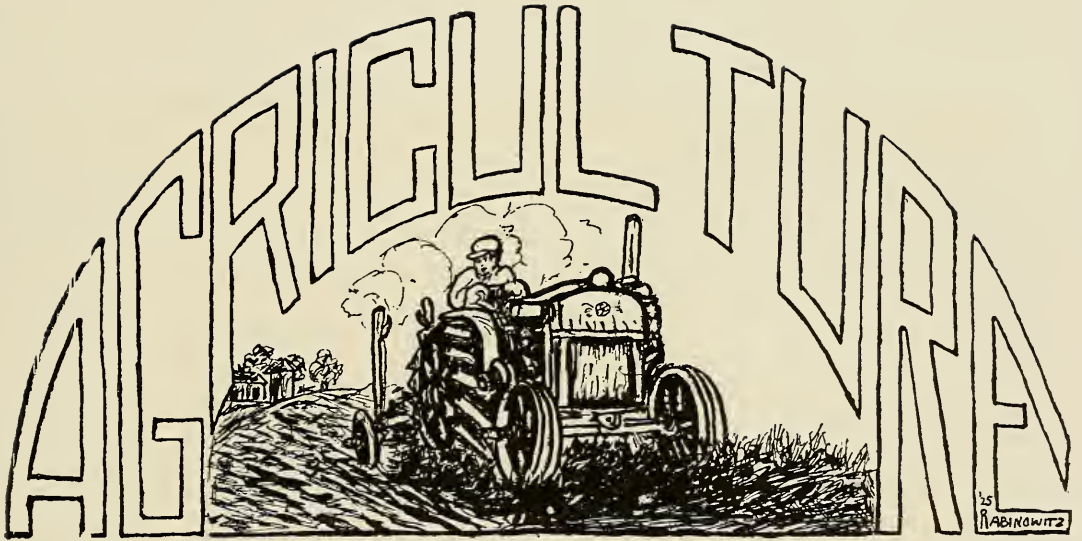
*Absence, sad farewells, happy returns,  
melody, madness, and mirth;  
The cradle, the buggy, the auto, the grave,  
make up our cycle on earth.*

*Being born, being raised, being loved,  
being wed,  
Being happy, being sad, being old,  
being dead;  
To the heights when we've won, to the  
depths when we've lost,  
We curse those we work for, we curse  
those we boss.*

*Living, and longing, and loving, and lying;  
melody, madness, and mirth;  
Working, and fighting, attaining, and  
dying, make up our cycle on earth.*



THE HORTICULTURE SOCIETY



SAM PRICE, '27

**E**XACTLY three years ago a new Freshman Class arrived fresh from the city without any real knowledge of farming and its ways. Some of them knew the difference between a horse and a cow, but that was as far as their knowledge went.

The first few weeks of Farm life interested them because of the novelty of the work. But, after awhile, the work became a bore and some of the new students departed from this life for something in the city.

About 60 per cent survived the first year of agricultural life, and looked forward to their second year of Farm School with a great deal of interest, because of the possibilities brought forth as Juniors.

Studies and work throughout the year increased their knowledge, and added materially to the resolve, to become a farmer.

Icing season with all its hard work was fun. The usual spring rush to get the crops planted kept everybody on their toes, and was immensely interesting.

The work of harvesting the crops in Summer and in Fall was not the easiest

of tasks but with all pitching in, the work was finished in good time. Then Winter came around. With it more studies and preparations for the final year at Farm School. Thus another year passed.

Finally graduation rolled around and the Freshmen of 1925 were now Seniors, ready to take over the jobs as Farm Managers. But only a third of the original group were left. They were now ready to show that their two years spent at Farm School had give them "That love for the Soil" of which they only had a vague idea when they entered.

Now their year at running the farms and departments is up. They are now ready to go out from Farm School as part of the alumni.

It is now time to give up their projects to the incoming Seniors, so that they also may learn as much of farming as possible, so that they, too, may become adept in agriculture.

May you, the incoming managers, receive as much co-operation and help from the faculty as we, and may you also have as good a year, if not better! wish you all the luck in the world.



## INCENTIVE PLUS

E. L. MAYER, '28

MR. HUGO BEZDEK, during his speech at the Football Banquet said, "The big leaguer knows that his five hundred dollars is coming to him every week, and he takes it as a matter of course; but let the manager offer a bonus of ten dollars, and that man will go out and work twice as hard to get the extra bonus. It is just that added incentive that is necessary to make us give the best we have in us." Evidently, he is a great student of human nature.

The same holds true at Farm School. Undoubtedly we will all do our best, but as the months go by, and the days are hot and humid, will we still change beds at the greenhouse with the thermometer at 130° F., or work on a dusty thrasher with the same enthusiasm as we did at first? Or will our pep die down for pure lack of interest? These things are not particularly pleasant to reflect upon, but, nevertheless, they are true.

However, let a prize be offered to the most deserving student in work, and watch the results. Whenever our spirits run low, only a glance at the prize would be sufficient to set us working post-haste.

It would be the means of helping us through those occasional spells of irresponsibility that attack, usually, during the Spring, and not infrequently during the summer. It would be, figuratively speaking, the cream and dessert of our dinner. Again let me quote Mr. Bezdek, "It is just that added incentive which is necessary to make us give the best we have in us."

Mr. Chew has offered a prize of fifty dollars to the best Farm Manager, and, as a result, the farms showed a better

record this year than ever before. But give the specialized departments a chance; and with the prospects of a cash bonus at graduation time, do you think we will do any better work? Just offer the prize and watch improvements.

## LANDSCAPE DEPARTMENT

SAM PRICE, '27

WITH the arrival of Mr. Feisser in the early spring, things began to hum, and they haven't let up yet, although we are in the midst of Winter.

There is always something doing. So far this year we've laid several new roads, filled up some old ones, cleaned up the Campus from the ravages of last winter, landscaped the entire Dairy, including grading, hauled away stones and rocks, bringing back good soil to fill up the gullies, planting several evergreens and making a lawn. That was the beginning.

Next came the Campus. The removal of dead trees and their replacement came first. Then we changed six evergreen beds into flowering shrubbery, and planted ten Pink Dogwoods.

The cultivation of the nursery followed with the transplanting of several thousand cuttings; the planting of some perennial seeds and 2,500 Dwarf Mugho Pines, donated by Harry Lock, an alumnus of Deep River, Conn.

In our spare time we made something not seen very often, a rock garden, in the rear of the Horticulture Building. It is now planted with several hundred flowering specimens, all ticketed for classroom work.



THE DAIRY

B. WOLFSON, '27

**H**ARVEST Seasons Come, Harvest Seasons Go, But Milking goes on forever! And this is the main issue of the daily program at the dairy plant. Many have the impression that milking, and cleaning barns are our sole labor problem, but this is not all. Besides milking and cleaning barns we have considerable hay, grain, and bedding to haul. Filling our Silo, and landscaping around the barns, take considerable time.

Our milk production for the past year has been 146,000 qts. We have systematized the plant, and can run the place more efficiently. The one-detail system, which used to mean much to the dairy, now causes no worry. Just when everything was looking rosy, out of a clear sky came a thunderbolt in the form of the Tuberculine test. This hit us hard, much to our surprise, due to the fact that our herd had been clean for the past two years. This year 21 cows were condemned because of infection with Tubercular germs. But, luckily for us, they were not so badly afflicted that we could not sell the carcass for meat. Condemning 21 cows did not just mean we would have to buy new ones to take their places. Once a barn had a tuberculine cow in it, it must be thoroughly cleaned and sprayed with a Creoline solution. This catastrophe emptied our barns for a while, but we refilled them with a new herd, consisting of 16 cows and heifers (6 of which were pure breds and 2 pure bred bulls). Our milk production is not quite what it should be, due to the fact that 45 per cent of our stock are heifers. We expect these to freshen very soon, and when they do—watch the milk production.

HORTICULTURE DEPARTMENT

PHILIP WEISS, '27

**“B**OY, you will never be a fruit grower,” cried Mr. Purmell, our Department head, on noticing “Spuds” eating one of the first class apples. “If you must eat, why not take fruit that is slightly bruised?” “Spuds” picks up another choice specimen, taps it against a crate bruising the skin and calmly consumes it. Such are the little worries of a fruit grower, who finds himself in a strange predicament. With one of the best crops of apples on hand that the school had ever seen, it was found necessary to practically give away the early ripening varieties, because of the “demoralized condition” of the market. Every Tom, Dick, and Harry who had an apple tree, because of the exceptionally good weather, found himself with several baskets of fruit, which he immediately threw on the glutted market. We are hopeful, however, that later varieties now in storage will command a better price, after most of the perishable stock has been consumed.

“All is not so dark and blue,” said Wechsler, the while munching on a celery stalk confiscated from our rapidly decreasing supply. “I claim, though Mother Nature was against me, I raised a crop of peaches to be proud of,” and while examining his book to substantiate this assertion, Tuchman, the green-eyed monster, exclaimed, “Oy is dis a fect.” And it was just as the Peach King claimed.

Just then we heard a swish, swish, and in walked Cohn, the great plantation owner, followed by a meek freshman who was carrying his whip. With a glance of disdain around him, he said, “Youse guys may all be there with the ideas, but when it comes to showing results, I’m de guy for me. I made more money on small

fruits than any of my predecessors. Swallow that if you can."

I did not say anything, but glancing out of the corner of my eye I noticed Bachman indulging in a self-satisfying smile and well he could afford to, for was he not the man who kept our larder well supplied with vegetables.

Before closing I wish to extend the thanks of the members of the Department to Mr. Purnell, our instructor and adviser, for the wisdom he has imparted to us in starting us in the proper path in life.

### POULTRY

DAVID BRANDT, '27

AT the boom of the gun we started incubation on Feb. 7., introducing at this time some Wyckoff blood to bolster up our present stock. Our first hatch was 62 per cent—doubly interesting, due to the new strain and characteristics. This started our baby chick season. A total of 14,000 eggs were incubated of which 3,000 were custom hatched. One thousand chicks were sold and 5,500 were kept in our brooders. During the summer months we sold our males as soon as the required size for broilers was reached. At the end of the broiler season we had sold approximately 1,700. We found ourselves with 1,800 pullets—100 of which were undesirables in some form or other and were disposed of for meat.

During the late summer months, which were followed by heavy rains, we were infested with both round and tapeworms, which we immediately treated—otherwise we would have lost our entire flock. Thanks to Kamala and nicotine, our drug agents, we were able to remove the pests.

During the season just passed the results of our labors proved fruitful. Our production kept on very nicely, averaging from 60 to 65 per cent during the spring and summer months. With the incoming pullets, the work began of getting them into shape in their permanent quarters for their laying season. At this time our hens went into their accustomed moult preparing themselves for the incoming 1927 breeding season. We also had a fine bunch of breeding cockerals of the Ferris-Wyckoff strain. At the time of publication we have had satisfactory results from the pullets, with production increasing every day.

This Fall we introduced cod liver oil in pure form to our laying feeds, and have gotten good results from it. We also introduced a pen of peat moss and noticed its comparable features with a pen of straw, especially for retaining moisture.

A donation of a pen of Daniels strain Single-Combed Rhode Island Reds, consisting of one male and four females, was made to the school and arrived this Fall. We expect to build up from this a future flock of heavy laying "Reds."

During the summer months we went through our customary culling, cleaning, caponizing, and other such duties as are found in a poultry plant.

With this manuscript, we, the outgoing Seniors, turn this plant over to the incoming Seniors. May their hatches be as good as ours were.





THE FOULTRY CLUB



## GREENHOUSE

E. LOUIS MAYER, '28

**O**PEN the door and walk right in, Mr. Visitor. Shake the snow off your coat. Pretty cold outside. Yeh? Well, you came to the right place, because it's always summer time in the greenhouse.

What have we been doing in the past year? Well that's quite a question. We have successfully raised a crop of the finest carnations you ever laid eyes upon. When we made cuttings last winter, and during the spring, they looked all right, but Mr. Mayer decided to put them outside to harden. You know that little plot next to our peonies next to the railroad track? Yes, that's the one. Well, we put them there, and did they harden? They grew so tall that we had a squad of men with axes cutting them back all the time. And big? We tried to dig one out, and after using a team we were forced to dynamite it. Come on back and take a look at them. Aren't they beauties?

Incidentally, this year our outdoor flowers were quite a success. Peonies were a trifle late, and we didn't have time to disbud our asters, but the coxcombs, zinnias, and gladiolas were O. K. See those mignonettes? Smell them, remind you of peach blossoms, don't they? Yes, I'll admit that the Easter lilies, friezias, and calla lilies are all looking fine. We have quite a stock of geraniums for Mother's Day, too.

Do you see that mum stock? Well, you should have seen those Chrysanthemums. They were the best stand, with one exception, that the greenhouse ever had. They were pulled through Aphis and spider attacks and the hot sun. Some of those Chadwick Whites were six

feet tall but, just at the opening stage, they were not watered as heavy as they should have been, and as a result the blooms were not so large.

Wait a minute, and smell those sweet peas. Some odor, eh? I can't decide whether I like peas or snapdragons the best, they both were a dandy crop this year. Yea, that's all we have now, but let me tell you a secret if you won't tell anybody. Sh-h-h.

We are going to turn the lower house into a rose house. Yes sir, we're going to raise Premier Pinks. You know just how big a step forward that is. Because of the smallness of the appropriation we can only have but two beds of roses this year, but eventually we expect to have a full house.

Here's your hat, what's your hurry? Come back when you can stay a little longer. Hey, just a minute, I want to say that Eckstein sure deserves credit for the work he's done this year, and Pee-Wee Harris, Stony Stonitsch, and myself will have to step some to beat him. Yea, so-long."

## APICULTURE

M. HURWITZ, '28

**I** LOOKED upon Mr. Schneider in a sort of indignant manner.

"Well Hurwitz, what have you done this year? Can you give me a specified summary of your work during the past 6 months? Here it has taken you two weeks to haul several loads of fodder, two weeks to remove the bees from No. 7 and No. 4 farms and the rest of your career studying the stars. Get out of the gloom—be a human dynamo for a few days."



I was blue, feeling miserable, and my mind felt hurt by the effects of Mr. Schneider's words. I was dazed, shocked; I could not answer his statements. It seemed as though he were speaking the truth.

In my former reports I have spoken repeatedly of having a poor honey flow. In looking over the various apiculture journals I find that the seasons of 1897 and 1914 had the same effect upon bee keeping as the present year.

The honey supply of Bucks County was practically nil this season. A great deal of honey was fed to the bees in early spring, for stimulating brood rearing. We expected a normal season, but rain interfered, and more sugar had to be fed to the bees for food, to keep them alive until some flower crop bloomed. Our clover crops were failures, hardly any nectar being gathered for the production of honey.

The flowers that prevailed in honey making were mostly weeds: the Dandelion, Canadian Thistle, the Lister, Apple Flower, Golden Rod, and Peach Blossoms.

I was fortunate this summer in observing several unusual happenings. One in particular was a hunger swarm. This swarm of bees vacated their hives and flew upon a nearby tree. Apial authorities state that this occurrence is rare. Swarming, in reality, takes place only when a colony attains its full vigor and strength, when there is plenty of reserve food in the hive.

I have seen the drones clustering in front of their hive entrance, no longer allowed to enter. One by one they would die because of exhaustion, as a result of a bad season, and starvation.

All of the colonies are located now at the various farms for the winter. Operations will begin again in spring.

## THE MAIN BARN

A. L. ZOLOTOR, '27. R. HOLLOWAY, '27

THE reason my partner, Bob Holloway, and I took over the Main Barn was not the idea of running a farm as the others did, but to gain a knowledge of the practical things. As the name implies, the Main Barn is the headquarters, or the hub, around which the other farms operate.

From Mr. Stangel, Holloway and I learned the finer things in agriculture, and also little points of labor and time savings. From Mr. Groman, we acquired a most thorough knowledge of tractor and farm machinery. From Mr. Kraft, a dyed-in-the-wool practical farmer of many years, we learned how to plow straight with a team of horses, harness with ease and efficiency, repair parts of harness and wagons, and little tricks in farming that, when added up, save you hours in time.

In February, when we began our project, we shredded corn fodder by tractor power. In the Spring we aided the farms in many ways. During the Summer months we operated the tractors. Most of the machinery was pulled or operated by tractor power.

The past year has been busy and most eventful. On account of an exceptionally rainy season, we had to abandon planting winter wheat on a few of the farms. Due to the same weather conditions we had trouble with our crops, especially oats, rye, and potatoes. But, at that, we got fair yields and will not suffer for lack of grain feeds and bedding.

As the waning Summer fused into the Fall, and it, in turn, bowed before the forerunners of Winter, we built a new ice platform in preparation of the most eventful, exciting, and exhilarating outdoor work—Icing Season.

## The GLEANER

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### NO. 1. REPORT

ARCHIBALD W. COHEN, '27

On Feb. 22, I was given No. 1 as my senior project.

The first thing done was to get the fields ready for the spring plowing. The fields were plowed and 4 acres planted in spring oats. Then came the corn (Johnson's County White Dent). No. 1 was the first to finish shocking and husking.

The haying season came and we had to get in the hay. Because of the continuous rains, we worked hard and fast. We were the first farm to finish haying. Our crew then went to No. 6 to help them.

No. 1 is the only outlying farm in the school to have milking cows. These were tested for abortion; reacting to the test, they were isolated from the dairy herd.

Our gross receipts for the production of the milk was \$2,500.

I am now leaving the farm in the hands of Maltz and Cohen of the '28 class and wish them the best of luck for the ensuing season.

### FARM NO. 3

D. WILAN, '27

We have hauled in our corn, which amounted to about 625 bushels and 8 loads of nubbins, to the Main Barn. Old Duke and Harry have been sold and our 22 heifers have been removed to the Dairy Barns. The farm has 4 cows which have reacted to the test for Tuberculosis, and will soon go to the butcher. The 2 horses, 1 mare, and 5 colts are in fair condition.

We are looking forward to having a banner year under the managership of

Joe Dornbush, who is showing himself capable of handling this position.

The old swimming hole has been repaired for icing, a new platform has been erected to make the handling of the ice easier. Among the most noted improvements at No. 3 are the complete renovating of the barns and out-buildings. We have also cemented the barn-floor, and in general have made No. 3 as clean as a barber shop on Sunday.

### FARM NO. 4

GILBERT HARDIMAN, '27

Due to an exceptionally poor season, No. 4 did not shine in the production of crops.

The first part of this year was a busy one for us. We first hauled manure on both of our corn fields, one consisting of seventeen acres and the other, ten acres. After this we prepared and seeded six acres of oats. Our corn was next seeded. When this was finished we did not lay down on our laurels but whitewashed the entire farm, besides painting as much as possible. At this time our stock consisted of six horses, eighteen heifers, and one bull.

Soon after Big Day, after cultivating for some time, we began to haul in our hay crop. There were forty-nine acres in all and it was a hard task, but we finally pulled through. Our wheat and oats were harvested about this time and also hauled in. The oats averaged about 55 bushels per acre, and the wheat about 15 bushels per acre.

There was another lull in agriculture, so, taking out our saws and hammers, we built a pump house to replace the old one lost during the fire of 1925.

Soon Fall came and we cut and shocked our corn and soon began husking. It seemed as if we never would finish, but finally on Dec. 1 we husked our last ear.

Our total crop was about 1,400 bushels, or about 50 bu. per acre. Not long after, Bee, our loyal canine, surprised us with 7 daughters and 1 son.

Our fodder is now hauled in and the year has come to a successful close.

The landscaping at No. 4 has been changed from primitive or cave man style to 20th century.

We removed the rocks and after sowing a new lawn, borrowed some Koster Blue Spruce from the woods and planted them in an approved style, à la Feisser.

### A RÉSUMÉ OF FARM NO 5 FROM FEB. 1926 to FEB. 1927

CARL J. SCHIFF, '27    SAM KATZ, '27

In Feb. 1926, Sam Katz, my partner in the management of No. 5, and I, took over the farm and entered upon our new duties as farm managers.

Full of enthusiasm, we at once started upon a campaign of exploration and took an inventory of our project, a farm of 125 acres.

Along the Neshaminy Creek a 30-acre field was fenced off to pasture our herd of 26 heifers. Farm No. 5 was used as a breeding and raising station. We bred all young stock when they became of age, cared for them through the stage of gestation. The calves were shipped to the calf barns and the cows to the Dairy Barns. In the spring we allowed the stock to graze in the pasture during the day. At night they were penned in a paddock and fed grain.

The manure was hauled and spread upon our corn field, when the weather permitted us, to add the nitrogen necessary for a good corn crop.

During the drier part of March we began to plow our land with two teams and a tractor. Fifty acres were plowed, disced, rolled and spring-toothed by April. We now had a deep, well prepared seed bed, which was ready for planting corn. When the corn was a few inches high we spike-toothed it with a shallow set harrow in order to keep down the weeds, and at the same time make a mulch to hold the moisture. When the plants were about a foot high we cultivated with a two-horse cultivator to make another mulch and kill the weeds. The variety used was Johnson County White Dent, a corn which ranks among the best for stock feeding.

Haying season started in June, and with forty acres we had to hustle. We first had to pitch by hand, as our ground was too hilly for a hay loader, but we managed to get in four or five loads per day. We filled all our mows and consider our eighty tons a good season's haying. Cutting and hauling in our oats next occupied our attention. A tractor, drawing a reaper and binder, was used to cut the oats, and soon we were ready for threshing. Our corn was husked and stored in cribs, and our wheat threshed, and everything made snug for the winter. Lately we plowed 23 acres and planted Winter wheat, which will be ready for harvest in July. In between the plantings and cultivations, we did a lot of painting and white-washing and kept the barns spic and span. We wish the coming farm managers all possible success in their undertaking.





## The GLEANER

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### FARM NO. 6

HARRY SEMEL, '27

No. 6 showed a much larger profit, and more advancement than in any previous year.

This past season we supplied the Dairy with about sixty tons of hay, most of its straw, and 360 tons of silage from our 72-acre corn field, which is the largest field in Bucks and Montgomery counties.

Approximately 1,500 tons of manure has been hauled away by No. 6 from the Dairy, and spread on our hay fields and pasture land.

We had good oats, and so much of it that we sent some to Nos. 5, 4, 3, 1, and the Home Farm.

Our thirty acres of rye went up to fatten the pigs at the Main Barn. The only thing, we kept for ourselves, were two bins of corn each holding 900 bu., and enough straw and hay to take care of our eight horses.

In closing I wish to leave to my successor, all my best wishes for a better year than the past, and hope that he will continue to keep No. 6 farm among the leaders again next year.

### NO. 8 REPORT

AL BLITZSTEIN, '28

Farm No. 8 was taken over by Farm School with a one year lease, in the early spring from Mr. Chew. It has 75 acres, three horses, one pony and six pigs, with an up-to-date poultry house.

The farm was in very poor condition when taken over by the first senior manager, Kahn. He immediately went to work and put it in good shape, by painting and whitewashing wherever necessary. He next planted 8 acres of corn, 35 of mixed hay, and 6 acres of oats. In the early autumn Kahn left No. 8, and was succeeded by Silver.

He took the farm over when all hay and oats were harvested. The only thing that had to be done was to shock and husk the corn; this he tried to push, but due to insufficient help was the last to finish. The crop was not very good because of the rainy season.

I took over the Farm after the Christmas holidays, and all that was left, was to haul in the corn fodder.

With the lease almost up, everything will be handed over to Mr. Chew, in tip-top shape.

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## Class History

*(Continued from page 28)*

In Football, Captain "Joe" Lynch and his teammates carried the colors of the school victoriously through the majority of the games. The team was the best that the school has put out for a number of years. Friefield and Levin were the only two men on the varsity. Bachman, Rosenthal, and Semel were on the reserves. On the basketball team there were Bachman, Semel, and Tuchman.

To the faculty we owe our gratitude and thanks for their unceasing efforts in assisting us in our class and social activities. Many of our burdens were lightened by their aid. Our short stay at Farm School will long be remembered and cherished the rest of our lives. We leave behind us a Farm School that is growing and adding many achievements to its name. We, the Class of '27, leave soon, and hope that the success we make will be part of the achievement of Farm School.





HARRY BACHMAN, '27

## A Review of the 1926 Season

**T**HIS review is written to bring back to the minds of the students the great year that Farm School has just passed through in athletics. The success of most of our athletic teams is a wonderful tribute to the efforts of Mr. Samuels, our coach.

The baseball team started the ball rolling. We engaged in ten contests, won seven and lost three. In the win-column we added our ancient rivals, P. I. D., defeating them 9-5 after they had won ten straight games, which more than made the season a success. Coach Samuels will long live in our minds. He was with us heart and soul. Those who were awarded their letters in return for their work on the diamond were: Capt. Stonitsch, Wiseman, Bachman, Lynch, Loew, Pescken, Elliot, Brick, Weschner, O'Rourke and Mgr. Eckstein.

In the annual Freshman-Junior post-season classic, the Juniors were awarded the game after a heated argument, with a score of 11-9.

After the baseball season what could be more fitting than our annual "Green and Gold" meet, which included tennis, swimming, football and track and field events. The Green team led by Capt. Eckstein, amassed a total of 155 points to 88 for the Gold team by Capt. Levin. Stonitsch, of the Gold team, the high individual scorer with 20 points, was awarded the gold medal, while Edelman, of the Green team, took second honors with 18 points. He received a gold filled medal. Jung, of the Green, and Loew, of the Gold, were tied with 15 points each for third place. They each received a silver medal.

A short rest and we went headlong into what we consider the major sport of the school.

With sixty candidates answering the call, we started the football season with that

(Continued on page 61)

# Who's Who in Farm School Athletics



SAMUEL "BABE" SAMUELS

**T**HAT old adage—"All good things come in small packages" seems to have become conspicuously true in Farm School. After having tried large, medium, thin and stout coaches, and after having tasted bitter dregs of defeat, Coach Samuels, a wee bit of a personage, was called upon to guide the athletic destinies of Farm School from the low plane to which it had fallen, to its present aristocratic position, as a feared and worthy opponent of only the best prep teams in the country.

A graduate of Farm School, he left a record as one of the best athletes in its history.

Not only did he perform well on the diamond, but was selected in his senior year to captain the squad. For two years he was quarterback, once on the 1920 football team, one of the finest teams to represent the school.

Upon graduating, Coach Samuels matriculated at Mass. Agr. College, where he soon made a record well to be proud of. For three years he helped his Alma Mater obtain glory in baseball and basketball, being captain of the latter

team which won the New England State Championship, after defeating Harvard and Dartmouth. For two years he was selected by the leading sport critics on the All-New England Mythical Five.

With a nucleus of only three veterans at the start of his coaching career Mr. Samuels produced the great 1925 football team with only one defeat in eight games. This year another top notch eleven was welded together, the result being that Farm School was the leading scorer of Pa., 233 pts. being amassed to their opponents' 40.

His method in training the fellows and his system of psychology used in getting the proper spirit and attitude of his men on the various teams is the biggest feature of his success. The personality possessed by this important person, a builder of a fine reputation for his teams and himself, has been shown by the friendship linked with the schools that engage in athletic conflicts with the Farm School. The future aspect of athletics at Farm School seems bright under the guidance of our esteemed and noteworthy coach, S.B. Samuels.

SAM HOROWITZ, '26.

## THE PAST SEASON

CAPTAIN JOSEPH LYNCH, '28

NOW that the season is over we can look back with pride and joy and pack away the sweet memory of another football season.

Everyone who followed us through the season was pleased with our showing. The one big reason for our performance was the spirit of good fellowship which prevailed at all times. There was not one player on the team that did not give his "all" at any time.

Enough cannot be said of our coach, Mr. Samuels, who is an inspiration to everyone who plays under him. Everyone knows what a good coach means to a team. Coach Samuels was all that, and more.

Thanks to the Faculty and Student Body for their staunch backing and wonderful support. Without these two factors our season would not have been half as pleasant.

I wish to thank everyone who has helped me make the past season a success.

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## OUR NEW FOOTBALL CAPTAIN

Harry "Jonathan" Cowen, better known throughout the school as "Johnny," entered the National Farm School in September, 1925. He is a graduate of the Central High School of Philadelphia, and was chosen on the All-Scholastic team while playing football at C. H. S.

Johnny got off to a flying start in his athletic career at Farm School by making the Varsity football team in his Freshman year. He also made the basketball squad as a first year man.

Our new captain kept up the excellent work in his Junior year by again making the Varsity football team, although

playing a star game as fullback instead of his former position at tackle. At present, he is again on the basketball squad, working hard to secure his letter in this sport.

Our retiring leader of the football team, Capt. Lynch, has made an enviable record. The spirit instilled by him into the team and his presence of mind at the crises of many games, set a high standard for Capt. Cowen to follow the coming season.

The school is confident he will live up to the standard. We are all back of you, Captain.

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## OUR FOOTBALL SCRUBS

H. B. TRICHON, '29

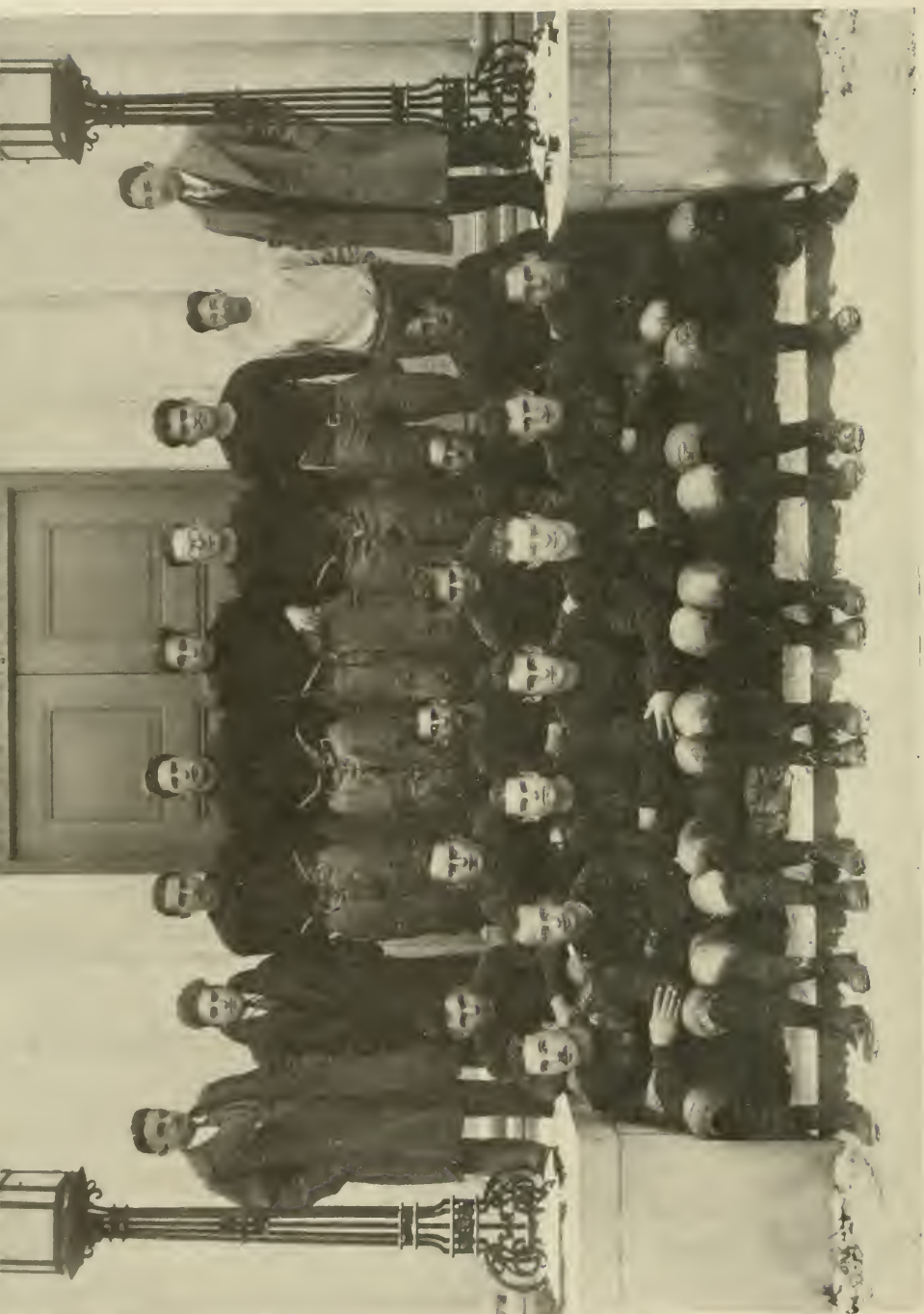
We had a fine turnout for football, but we realized that aside from needing the enthusiasm and spirit of the school to produce a winning team, we needed a good "scrub team." The response given to Coach Samuels by the scrubs, was both gratifying to him and a sign of a very good team to represent Farm School next year.

When one realizes that the job of the scrubs is to show as much opposition as possible while at scrimmage with the Varsity, and at the same time help them in polishing the team, the job of a scrub is peculiar. Yet we realize the only way of climbing up the ladder to become a varsity man, is a rung at a time. Although due credit is never given unless one attains the varsity berth, the scrubs in themselves worked hard.

We have prepared for the future. It is now in our hands to do for ourselves that which was formerly done for the school and the football team by others. We must act of our own accord.

Let us make good next year.





### THE FOOTBALL TEAM

*Left to right, front row—Levin, Horwitz, Stonitsch, Lynch, Captain; Cowen, Hoguet, Elliot.*

*Center—Myers, Bernhard, Fideigoltz, Rosen, Levine, Lipman.*

*Standing—Coach Samuels, Abelson, Manager; Tuchman, Rosenthal, Semel, Bachman, Friefeld, Green, Assistant Manager; Eckstein, Trainer.*



SPIRIT

H. B. TRICHON, '29

COMING to that old worn-out topic again, which has been the outstanding point of every returning grad's speech, and has helped many a sport writer fill up his column, we come to a situation where, after going through a successful football season, we begin to wonder whether our spirit was what it should have been during the season which has just closed.

It is true that many of our student body attended our games played away from the home grounds, it is also true that *sometimes* a rally was held before each game and posters were seen throughout the campus and buildings—but where was all the cheering and support when our team was on the verge of losing?

That is where the whole fault lay during the past few seasons with the lack of true spirit.

It is evident that spirit was displayed; but by all? No! Just the same group of individuals cheer time and time again for their Alma Mater; and even this group loses heart and forgets to cheer when our team is up against the wall.

Lacking community spirit, a group cannot work together to develop this lacking element; class must co-operate with class and show a distinct and finished mode of spirit on the athletic field whether in victory or defeat—"finished" in the respect of a fighter to the finish.

All the "pep and spirit" shown by the students in the last year or so, is by far, better than the preceding years in which the "Old Farm School Spirit" was completely forgotten; nevertheless, a great deal of improvement can be shown, and as long as we have an Alma Mater that needs support, why not go into it with a whole-hearted spirit?

THE "F" MEN

Player	Position	Age	Height	Weight
Capt. Lynch	End	20	5.11	160
Elliot	End	19	5.11	165
Fidelgoltz	End	18	6.—	165
Rosen	Tackle	20	5.7	190
Levin	Tackle	20	5.11	160
Friefeld	Tackle	18	5.10	170
Bernhard	Guard	19	5.10	165
Myers	Guard	21	6.—	190
Lipman	Center	17	6.1	190
Bachman	Center	19	5.7½	150
Stonitsch	Quarterback	20	5.11	150
Horwitz	Halfback	21	5.4	150
Levine	Halfback	17	5.6	140
Hoguet	Halfback	20	5.11½	185
Cowen	Fullback	20	5.7	170

Average weight of team 166 (Backfield 160½, Line 170½).

Average height 5 feet 9½ inches.

Average age 19.



THE GREEN AND GOLD  
FOOTBALL RECORD

N. F. S.	16	Bordentown Military Institute	0
N. F. S.	60	Bangor High School	0
N. F. S.	38	Williamson Trade School	0
N. F. S.	7	Wenonah Military Academy	7
N. F. S.	58	New Jersey Institute for Deaf	0
N. F. S.	14	Salesianum High School	19
N. F. S.	34	Brown Preparatory School	0
N. F. S.	6	Penna. Institute for Deaf	14
<hr/>			
N. F. S.	233	Opponents	40
<hr/>			
Won 5		Tied 1	Lost 2

HIGHEST SCHOLASTIC SCORER IN PENNSYLVANIA

# A HEART BREAKER



**A**FTER giving Brown Prep its worst defeat of the year, our Green and Gold warriors had one thought uppermost in mind, namely, to beat P. I. D., our ancient rivals.

Much zeal and spirit among the students, faculty, and grads preceded the game, but it was not Farm School's year yet.

Coming upon the gridiron at Mt. Airy with the knowledge of four defeats, in as many years, at the hands of the nutes, we were all the more determined to add P. I. D.'s scalp to our list of victories. Although the game was lost because of a fumble by one of our backs, our boys had the edge on the dummies and were leading 6-0 until the fatal last quarter, when the victors scored all their points.

Unable to play in the last four tilts of the season on account of a bad knee injury, our Capt., Joe Lynch, played part of the P. I. D. game, and with Joe in the line-up the team seemed to show a new brand of fight.

Our lone touchdown was due to a pass from Hoguet to Fidelgoltz, after Lynch drew the P. I. D. team to his side of the field leaving Fidelgoltz free. He caught the ball unmolested.

The entire team showed up remarkably well. Johnny Cowen's defensive work was outstanding.

Too much cannot be said of the game, but the loss means more than ever that we have to beat our rivals in next year's clash.

The game started with Farm School kicking off, P. I. D. surprising all Farm School followers by returning the ball to Farm School's 40-yard line. Within a few minutes they had brought the ball to the five-yard line. P. I. D. could not

gain an inch at this point, and Farm School punted out of danger. P. I. D. could not gain through the line and attempted a placement kick, which went wide.

## FARM SCHOOL GETS STARTED

Farm School took the ball on their own twenty-yard line, and with slashing off-tackle plays, coupled with end runs, made a steady march of eighty yards and a touchdown. The try for extra point failed.

From this stage of the game P. I. D. was crumbling slowly but surely. Farm School was heading for another touchdown and had already made a march of thirty yards when the unfortunate fumble occurred. It was picked up by Urofsky of P. I. D., who ran for a touchdown. They also kicked the goal for the extra point.

After this touchdown P. I. D. was clearly the master for the rest of the game. A few minutes later P. I. D. scored another touchdown on an intercepted forward pass. The game ended shortly after with a score of 14-6.

Urofsky and Yeingst were the outstanding performers for P. I. D.

## THE line up:

P. I. D.	N. F. S.
Urofsky.....	left end..... Fidelgoltz
Grinnel.....	left tackle..... Freifeld
Schrovsky.....	left guard..... Myers
Gerhard.....	center..... Lipman
Hovanac.....	right guard..... Bernhard
Morrow.....	right tackle..... Rosen-Levin
Seward.....	right end..... Elliott-Glazer-Lynch
Cohen-Seward.....	quarterback..... Stonitsch
Potter.....	left halfback..... Horowitz
Mesiecznick.....	right halfback..... Hoguet
Yeingst.....	fullback..... Cowen

Touchdowns:—Fidelgoltz, Urofsky, Seward.

Points after touchdowns:—Yeingst 2

Referee—Gideon

Umpire—Coleman

Head Linesman—Hopkins

## Green and Gold Cyclone

COACH SAMUELS

**B**EGINNING the preliminary practice with only six letter men of the previous season's record-breaking team, the outlook did not seem very bright, considering that three backfield posts were left depleted by graduation. However, by hard work, and splendid co-operation by the candidates, and other personnel, interested in the welfare of the team, a well balanced and trained squad was gradually developed, and gave a good account of itself by gaining a decisive victory over the Bordentown Military Institute, in the opening game of the season. The culmination of the season showed the team to have only two defeats on the record. Both of these games were lost in the last few minutes by very close scores, coupled with the fact that the main cogs in the football machine were out of the game with injuries. The team had great offensive power, scoring a total of two hundred thirty-three points, and being credited as the highest scoring scholastic team in Pennsylvania. Defensively, only thirty points were scored against the Green and Gold eleven in eight games. On two occasions against their strongest opponents on the schedule, the Farm School eleven held the invaders for four downs, the ball being only two yards from the goal line.

From the spectator's standpoint the success of the team may be due to various sundry reasons. As a team it had no stars standing head and shoulders above the other individuals. From the team's standpoint the successful season in a great measure was due to the splendid spirit and co-operation amongst the members on the squad, which resulted in

the forming of many new friendships plus the unflinching desire for any necessary hard work in order to achieve results. Another predominating factor was the interest and spirit which the entire student body, Faculty, and Board Members showed towards the interest of members on the squad.

Three valuable men will be lost by graduation. Sam Hurowitz, a veteran backfield man for three years, was one of the most valuable members on the eleven. A hard worker, and fighting every minute of the game, he was one of the most consistent ground gainers, being versatile on end runs and off tackle plays. Defensively he was equally valuable in backing the line, and also when needed as a safety man.

At tackle, Frefeld was a valuable man in line play. Always aggressive, with ability to take plenty of punishment, his side of the line was not weakened. He also was capable of getting down the field quickly under punted balls.

The other tackle on the line to be lost by graduating is I. Levin. Playing his first year of varsity football, he showed enough ability to earn him the position. While not as valuable as other members on the line, he had the knack of adapting himself to the game very quickly.

With such men as Lynch, Cowen, Stonitsch, Hoguet, Bernard, Elliott, Fidegoltz, Meyers, Lipman, Levine, Rosen, and other capable substitutes remaining, the outlook for another successful year seems bright. However, the greatest asset for another good year is the unlimited supply of the Farm School traditional spirit coupled with hard work.



FRESHMAN-JUNIOR GAME  
ENDS IN TIE, 0-0



**I**N SEVERAL inches of snow, and more falling, aided by a whistling, biting wind, the traditional battle between the

Freshman and Junior classes was staged. Hands numb and faces frozen, twenty-two figures stumbled, slipped and fought to a scoreless tie.

The Juniors received the ball on the kickoff, and after failing to gain, punted to the Freshman's forty-yard line. The Freshmen then carried the ball into the Juniors' territory by line plunges and end runs, and held it there for the better part of the first half. But every time a score looked possible the Juniors fought like tigers.

The second half found the ball in the Freshies' territory for the most part, due to the comeback of the Juniors, combined with the wonderful punting of Brick.

The swirling snow hid the goal posts and unchecked wind chilled the players until they were fighting on pure grit alone. Fumbles were common and passes rare because the players were numb with cold and pain.

Friedland, of the Junior team, was the outstanding offensive player for his class. He was the only one who could gain ground through the Freshman line and was responsible for the two first downs. Yankowitz was a bear on the defense. No one could gain any ground through him. Captain Tunick figured in breaking up most of the Freshman end runs, while for fight and grit Herzberg and Abrams shone.

For the Freshmen, Turansky at tackle made practically three-fourths of the tackles. Time after time he would break

through the Junior line to make sensational tackles. Soskin opened up holes many a time for a Freshman to slip through for a substantial gain. Captain Jung and Stuhlman guarding the wings, performed very well.

Like trained teams of colleges, the two teams shifted and cracked the line with precision.

The Juniors had a slight edge in weight, but, due to the sterling line of the Freshmen, not much ground was gained. The Freshmen advanced by line plunges and end runs. They made eight first downs to the Juniors' two, but the Juniors recovered most of this lost ground in punting, having an average of forty yards to the Freshies' thirty-yard punts.

At no time in the annals of Freshman-Junior games was there ever one staged as on Dec. 5, 1926.

Joe Lynch, who coached the Juniors and Harry Bachman, coach of the yearlings, deserve great credit for the gentlemanlike and spirited game put up by the two classes.

LINE-UP

JUNIORS '28	FRESHMEN '29
Tunick (Capt.) . . . . .right end.	(Capt.) Jung
Herzberg . . . . .right tackle.	Glazer
Berick . . . . .right guard.	Catherwood
Blumer . . . . .center.	Rand
Rosenman . . . . .left guard.	Soskin
Maltz . . . . .left tackle.	Turansky
Abrams . . . . .left end.	Stuhlman
Harris . . . . .quarterback.	Lazarowitz
Ovsanikow . . . . .right halfback.	Rosenak
Brick . . . . .left halfback.	Chait
Friedland . . . . .fullback.	O'Rourke

Substitutes: Juniors—Bloom, Yankowitz, Brown, Cohen, Rosenman. Freshman—Snyder, Toland, Applebaum, Koltnow, Strang, Strang, Meltzer.

Time of periods—10 minutes.

Referee—Stangle. Umpire—Groman. Head-Linesman—Aukberg, Wing. Timer—Samuels.



## "Stud" Elliot Elected Captain of Diamond Artists

### "STUD" ELLIOT ELECTED CAPTAIN OF DIAMOND ARTISTS



Philip "Stud" Elliot, '28, was elected Captain to lead the 1927 baseball team. Coming to Farm School with intentions of furthering the reputation his brother "Dick" had made here, our baseball captain for the coming year started his career by earning the first base position on the nine, in his Freshman year.

After playing a brilliant brand of ball, "Stud", for he was so named by his fellow students, turned his attention to football, and although it was a new game to him he succeeded in making the varsity squad.

Playing his second year of varsity

baseball for Farm School "Stud" exhibited plenty of fight and spirit and his good playing soon won a popularity, which he well deserves.

Football season found Elliot on the first eleven, holding down one of the wing positions.

Although only two of last year's letter men will be lost, Bachman and Wiseman, both of whom were valuable assets last season, prospects for a good team are very bright. Not knowing what material the coming Freshman class will bring in, the following "F" men will form a nucleus for the '27 team: Captain Elliot, Lynch, Stonitsch, Brick, Weschner and O'Rourke.

Elliot is a born ball player and if the team backs him and shows the same spirit that "Stud" shows on the diamond we can't help but come through with a successful season.

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## A Review of the 1926 Season

*(Continued from page 53)*

real "up and at 'em spirit." The team's record of five games won, one tied and two losses, speaks for itself. We were the highest scholastic point scorers of Penna. with a total of 233 points. This record is all the more remarkable when you consider that Capt. Lynch was out of half of the games with a knee injury. In the reverses we suffered, we were never disgraced; our opponents were of the classy variety. The following men were awarded the coveted "F" for giving their all on the gridiron: Capt. Lynch, Freifeld, Levin, Bachman, Horowitz, Elliot, Bernhard, Cowan, Levine, Fidelgoltz, Houget, Myers, Lipman, Rosen and Mgr. Abelson. Honorary "F" Rosenthal, Tuchman and Semel.

In the traditional inter-class football feud, the game ended in a scoreless tie, after one of the best exhibitions of sportsmanship and hard fought football games to be played between two classes. They played in three inches of snow, and all during the conflict the snow was coming down in heavy flakes. Coach Samuels, who was time-keeper, had a good opportunity to look over his future football material.



### THE BASKETBALL SQUAD

*Left to right, seated*—Hoguet, Stonitsch, Lynch, Elliot, Bachman.  
*Standing*—Tuchman, Manager; Friedland, Assistant Manager; Semel, Pollacheck, Cowen, Price, Chait, Wechsner, Coach Samuels.

## BASKETBALL

At present, the basketball team is in full swing, and we expect to keep up our good record with a successful season. Although only two veterans are back with the team, Lynch and Stonitsch, Coach Samuels has Semel, Bachman and Cowan of last year's second team, besides the following new men, Elliot, Freidland, Hogue, Weschner, Pollachek, Brooks and Lazarowitz. The following games have been arranged to date:

Sat. Jan. 8	Brown Prep	Home
Sat. Jan. 15	Williamson Trade School	Home
Wed. Jan. 19	N. J. State Deaf School	Away
Sat. Jan. 22	N. J. State Deaf School	Home
Sat. Jan. 29	P. I. D.	Home
Fri. Feb. 4	Burlington High	Away
Sat. Feb. 5	New Castle High, Del.	Home
Wed. Feb. 9	P. I. D.	Away
Sat. Feb. 12	Pierce School	Home
Sat. Feb. 26	Rider College	Home

## FARM SCHOOL WINS OPENER



**A**FTER closing a successful football season, our athletes turned their attention to the basketball court, and initiated the nineteen twenty-seven season with a victory over the Brown Prep aggregation.

"Bud" Hogue, who held down a half-back position on the football eleven, and who started the football season with the first touchdown of the year, duplicated the stunt, by scoring the first field goal of the season with a pretty shot.

Although our boys were always in the lead the game was tightly contested and it was a good opener for our season.

Our snappy forward, Bachman, was the bright light for the Aggies, and was the leading scorer of the team, with eight points to his credit. Hogue came next with six points, besides playing a great defensive game. Glockner and Vezard scored most of the visitors' points, while J. Elgart, also of the Prep team, was their mainstay, playing a fine game at forward.

With a little more experience and with plenty of backing on the part of the student body, Coach Samuels can be sure of a successful season.

## LINE UP

BROWN PREP.	N. F. S.
J. Elgart.....	forward..... Bachman
Palese.....	forward..... Weschner
Glockner.....	center..... Lynch
A. Elgart.....	guard..... Hogue
Visard.....	guard..... Elliot

Substitutions: Semel for Weschner, Cowen for Elliot.

Field goals: Bachman 2, Lynch 2, Hogue 3, Glockner 2, Visard 2.

Foul goals: Bachman 4, Weschner 3, Lynch 1.

Referee: Weaver (Lansdale).

Timekeeper: Horowitz (Farm School).

Scorer: Tuchman (Farm School).

## SECOND GAME OF SEASON RESULTS IN A REVERSE



**E**NTERING the gym full of confidence due to our victory over Brown Prep the previous week, our boys found a most formidable five in the personages of Williamson Trade cagers and were sent down to defeat in as fast and thrilling game as was ever witnessed on a Farm School floor.

Still smarting under the effects of the defeat handed to their gridiron warriors by our eleven, this past football season,



Trade School came here with the intentions of vindicating themselves and fulfilled their wish.

The game started off with a bang, and our first point was scored when Center Lynch put a foul shot in, making the score 1-0. Both teams were playing a purely defensive game the first half and Coach Samuels' five-man defense system could not be penetrated. The first half ended in a deadlock,—the score being 9-9.

The second half started fast and furious and Farm School started to find themselves, and succeeded in mounting their score to 16 points, but when everything began to look rosy for Farm School, our visitors let loose and cut up our defense to shreds, bringing their score up to 32 in the last few minutes of play.

Stonitsch, who was out of the first game due to an injury, was back in the line-up at one of the forward positions, and succeeded in making the last field goal for Farm School and after the whistle had blown the score stood 32-22 in favor of the visitors.

Although our boys fought hard and gave all they had, there was a lack of passing ability and there were altogether too many fouls, for a good many of Trade School's points were due to foul shots.

Profiting by the mistakes made in this game the varsity ought to come back in fine form next week and take the measure of N. J. I. D.

LINE UP

W. T. S.		N. J. I. D.	
Greenway.....	forward.....	Stonitsch	
Kline .....	forward .....	Weschner	
Kroh .....	center.....	Lynch	
Patterson.....	guard.....	Hoguet	
Moril.....	guard .....	Elliot	

Substitutes: Bachman for Weschner, Cowen for Elliot, Semel for Hoguet.

Field goals: Stonitsch 2, Lynch 3, Hoguet 2, Greenway 7, Kline 4.

Foul goals: Lynch 2, Hoguet 1, Greenway 2, Kline 4, Moril 2, Bachman 1.

OUR GREEN AND GOLD  
CYCLONE SPELLS

Fidelgoltz  
LipmAn  
Myers  
RosEn  
and  
Freifeld  
LevIne  
Stonitsch  
HorwTiz  
LevIn  
Capt. LyNeh  
BaChman  
HogueT  
EllIot  
COwen  
BerNhard

LITERARY

(Continued from page 35)

That night, the people in Soho Square were disturbed by a chilling scream. That night, the unhappy man made his final bow and the rat disappeared forever.

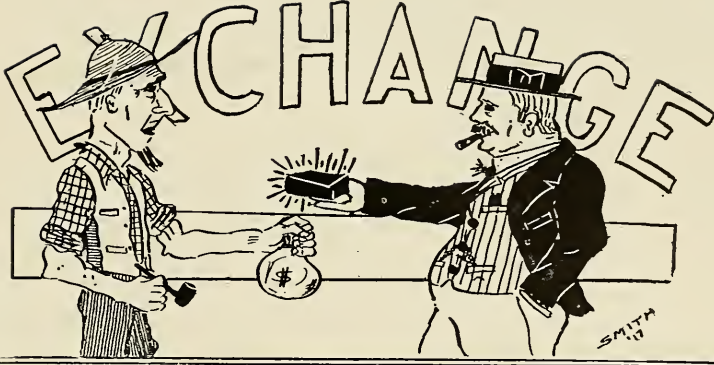
Three days later, a tall figure strode into the Café Sans Souci, sat down at a table and called, "Jacques!"

"André! As I live. Come, you have much to tell me."

"First, it has been done! Secondly, take these and burn them. And lastly, but most important, bring me some port."

Jacques glanced up slyly, took the valise and approached the fireplace. Slowly and guardedly, he threw into the flames a hooded black cloak, a jar of phosphorous, and a rat's claw.





CARL J. SCHIFF, '27

“AND if you don’t come across with a thousand dollars at once, these letters,” defiantly waving a parcel, “will be printed in tomorrow’s dailies!”

The aforesaid was the conclusion of a dapper young man’s conversation with another more elderly in appearance and wearing a worried frown upon his countenance.

It was plainly blackmail as Mr. Ion Millyarns realized, but if he refused this villain’s demands, his only son, Iamit, the pride of his school, would be openly disgraced.

With a cunning look, the youth made a motion as if he would rise and depart, but was detained by a wave of the other’s hand. Mr. Millyarns walked over to a secretaire and seating himself, wrote a check for the required amount. A close observer would have noticed a gleam in his eyes while thus engaged.

Upon receiving the check, the extorter handed the strange assortment over and immediately departed, a suggestion of a smile on his face.

Clumsily fingering the packet, the old gentleman took one envelope and started to read. He had not, however, read two lines when he stopped puzzled, then he realized how he had been swindled. For the notes, he held in his hands were a

number of magazines and periodicals and a typewritten manuscript.

Examination of the latter disclosed the following matter:

“The GLEANER wishes to congratulate these schools, upon the excellence of their magazines and papers.”

D. H. S., Mass. We enjoyed your neat and interestingly arranged magazine. Compliment your amateur artists upon their clever sketches.

N. E. H. S., Phila. Glad to see you and hope to again be pleasantly surprised by receiving your periodical.

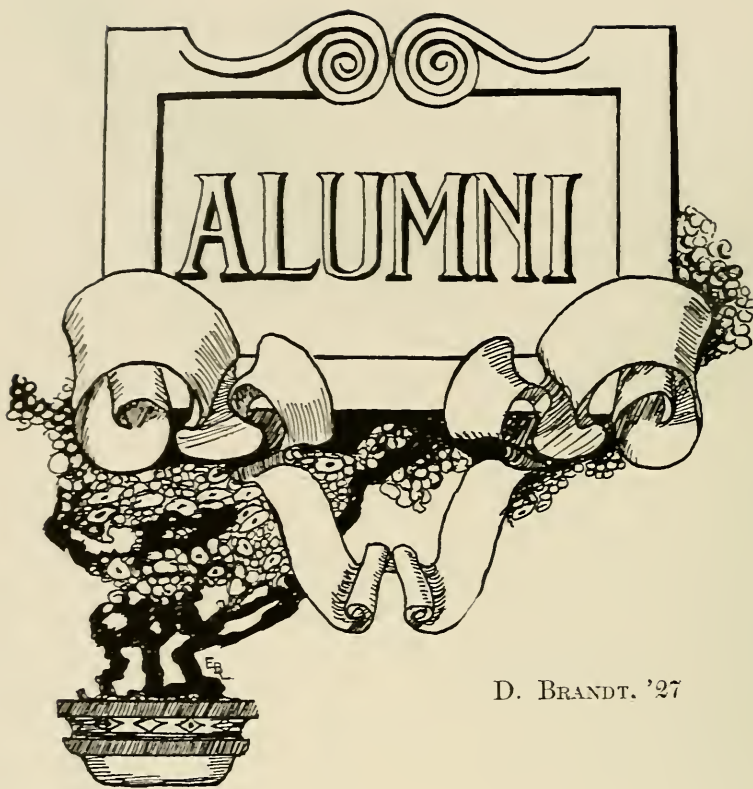
W. P. H. S., Phila. Hello stranger, you are as good as ever, especially in your literary endeavor.

M. J. H., Wis. Though you are a little fellow we are looking forward with interest to your next edition.

C. H. S., Camden. Your athletic section was very interesting. Congratulations upon your style. However don’t you think you would brighten up by a few more cuts and department headings.

Perkiomen School. You’re quite a stranger. But come again and welcome.

W. H. H. S., Bridgeport, Conn. Your papers contain all the interesting news and we are always looking for the next number.



D. BRANDT. '27

COMMENCEMENT is a very solemn period in the life of any young man. It is at once an ending and a beginning—a breaking of the old ties and friendships, an ending of the spirit of youth, the period of preparations. For three years our school has been preparing the graduating class for this conflict. How well it has succeeded, only the future can reveal. From now on you of the graduating class are to be classified as men—"National Farm School Men." Conduct yourself so that your Alma Mater will be proud to claim you as her own.

Our Alumni, whose membership is rapidly increasing, are largely responsible for the good name of the school. They have formed a body with a common purpose; that being the welfare of the present National Farm School, and the National Farm School of years to come. We all have a certain tenderness toward our school, and this tenderness or sympathy, which we call "School Spirit", is manifested to the highest degree by each member of the alumni.

Those of you who claim that you are imbued with school spirit should put forth every effort to take advantage of the opportunity given you of becoming alumni members. The alumni does wonderful things for you, and it has plans under way which are all for your betterment. It is doing its utmost to bring our school to the pinnacle of perfection. But don't forget it needs your support. You who are graduating should not hesitate to join the alumni and keep Farm School spirit ever alive.

Do your duty.

## "The Alumni Athletic Field"

For many years, the Alumni of the National Farm School have contemplated building a new athletic field. Numerous discussions on the position and other important factors were held at various intervals, and each time tabled to a later date. To start on a new field, meant money plus other material things.

At a meeting of the Philadelphia Chapter of the alumni, held in January 1927, definite plans were laid for the new field. The main subject of discussion was the organizing of a campaign to get the necessary funds to fulfill their plans. The amount to be raised is \$2,000. The "Alumni Athletic Field", the name given to the new field, will be much larger than the present one. The plans are so constructed as to enable several different sports to be played at the same time, without interfering with one another.

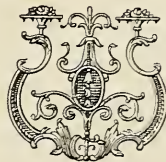
Another important outcome of the meeting of the Alumni, was the discussion of holding an Alumni Dance in Philadelphia, the proceeds going towards the campaign fund. The members who attended were all enthusiastic about making this affair a success, and all

joined in a real N. F. S. spirit to put it across.

Those present at the meeting, which was held at the home of Samuel Rudly, Captain of the 1908 football team, were: Rudly, '08; Sainer, '11; Rackland, '11; Finkel, '12; Work, '18; Goldberg, '14; N. Lipschult, '14; Raskin, '14; Toor, '16; Lew Goldberg, '17; Ben Goldberg, '18; Find, '20, and S. Samuels, '21.

In the course of time, most of us will be Alumni members. The interest that the National Farm School Alumni have shown at games in the welfare of the students and in new enterprises, should in itself, make every Farm School fellow co-operate with the Alumni. The campaign for the new Alumni Athletic Field will soon be launched. Get behind your leaders, work with them. Whatever our status in later life may be, we will all possess one thing in common—a deep and sincere devotion to the school in which we formed our first and real friendship.

As a final word, remember, in helping the Alumni put across the amount needed for the new field, you are benefiting yourselves.







WILLIAM WOLFSON, '27

## JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

Before coming to N. F. S. it was my good fortune to become acquainted with one of the graduates. On learning of my intentions he emphatically impressed me with the fact that life at N. F. S. was constantly changing. "In your Freshman year," he said, "you merely exist, in your Junior year, you learn to live, and in your Senior year you live."

In the month of April we passed from a year of memorable and happy existence to a year of learning. Twenty-seven had set a pace, and it was up to us to continue that pace, which was indeed a rapid one.

In athletics, we learned the use of our unfailing class spirit. The boxing tournament held in the Spring brought out and developed the best fistic ability. In baseball, we turned a rather inevitable defeat into a victory. Playing against a high spirited and well trained team, our men needed not only strength and deter-

mination to win, but also the unswerving support of their fellow classmates which, needless to say, was ever present.

It was in football, however, that we displayed our true stamina. Both teams fought hard, not only against each other but also against the most adverse weather conditions. The game ended in a scoreless tie.

The most crowning social achievement of the past year was the Junior Prom, held in August. The scintillating music, the many graceful couples, elaborate decorations, the delightful program, and the capable management tended to make our dance the "Prom of Proms".

To the coming Juniors we offer our most sincere welcome. We hope that you will find as much enjoyment in your year of learning, as you doubtlessly did in your year of existence.

To the Graduating Class we extend our best wishes, hoping that you will continue to live happy and fruitful lives.



### FRESHMAN CLASS

Just think, no more raids; not so bad, not so good, for after all what's better than a raid now and then.

The past season has met with some setbacks as well as many achievements. We all regret the fact that our president and secretary left us to join Cornell and Penn State Colleges. The social part of our Freshman year was conducted very well. Roasts, watermelon parties, dances, and various little entertainments were enjoyed by all.

Although the Junior class defeated us at baseball, we turned the trick on them in football, and held their more or less experienced team to a scoreless tie.

At the call for football candidates almost the whole class reported, six making the varsity team, and receiving that much cherished "F." Our class has at last received their pennants, bearing the emblem of a cow with Crimson and Gold background. It is oblong in shape.

At this time the entire Freshman Class of '29 wishes to thank the faculty for the aid and instruction which they have received from them.

L. ROSENZWEIG, '29,  
*President.*

### THE ORCHESTRA

LEON ROSENZWEIG, '29



Da, Da, Boom, Boom. Gee, it makes one feel like dancing, to those tunes, those familiar strains that were heard by so many during the past year. The orchestra is winding up the year successfully, due to the co-operation of the students and to the tutelage of Mauri Skaist, musical director and pianist. Besides playing over the radio and at

various community affairs, the orchestra traveled to Norristown and played for the Y. M. H. A. at their recent dance.

At the recent Corn Show, the orchestra played, while Prof. Schmitz judged the corn. This bears out the fact that music hath its charms.

Before concluding I think the boys who worked very hard and faithfully towards making the orchestra a success be properly introduced. Harlan T. Huff, the Trenton City chap who always smilingly and willingly plays the instrument which made Mischa Ellman famous. Joe Miller, the ladies' man, with the aid of his feet plays a wicked sax. Roy Stuhlman, the loyal son of old Philadelphia, who makes the drums do everything but sing, will be back next year with lots of pep, and red hot stuff. For the benefit of those readers who have not met our friend Dal Ruch, let me say that he is the wickedest man in town, sax and all—and does he like women—(ask Miss Camden). Next is our own Mauri Skaist, the one who has banged his way into many a woman's heart, aided by his formidable moustache. Of course we all know "Wholesale" Trichon, our pianist and drummer boy, who loses a note every time he pats his marcelled hair. As the writer of this article is rather modest, it seems more fitting that the Editor should introduce our own little "bullet-head" who blows a werra, werra wicked sax. Unlike his colleagues he is very bashful, and blushes every time he sees a beautiful girl.

This concludes the introduction of the fellows who took active part in the orchestra throughout the past year. We might add that all these men will be back next year.

The orchestra takes this opportunity to wish the graduating class a bright and prosperous future.

## The Student Council

In reviewing the social events of the year ending January, 1927, we find that we leave behind a record of which we may well feel proud. We know that all work and no play makes Jack a very dull boy; therefore the Council members have worked in earnest throughout the year with a view of promoting social activities for the Student body.

First, of all, the Council wishes to thank Mr. Erlanger for his kindness in donating the new Orthophonic Phonograph and radio. We wish to assure him that it is being greatly appreciated. Throughout the year the Student Body was entertained with movies. This was a big factor in the social life of the students. A new booth was erected and installed in the gymnasium, together with an up-to-date moving picture machine and screen.

Our administration was inaugurated with the Freshman reception dance in the early spring. Since then, nine dances have been held, each of which has been a decided success. We also find new faces among the dancers and that, we assure you, will help in supporting dances in the future.

Besides the dances, the council promoted such affairs as the "Green and Gold" meet, which was held in July, and was supported very creditably by the

Student Body. Frank Stonitsch scored the greatest number of points and was awarded a gold medal in recognition of his prowess.

The Corn Show, one of the best planned and elaborate exhibitions in this county, was held on December 11, 1926, and was a huge success. Professor Schmitz of Pa. State College was the judge, and his remarks and criticisms were of great educational value.

The last affair conducted by the Student Council was the Football Victory Banquet, held in Lasker Hall to celebrate the team's successful season on the gridiron. Hugo Bezdek, Athletic Director of Penn State College, and the principal speaker of the evening, proved to be very entertaining and interesting with his comments and suggestions for the game of football.

The council wishes to thank Mrs. O. A. Stangel and Miss Rebecca Churchman for their kind assistance, and the entire faculty for their co-operation in all social affairs.

We feel that 1926 was an extremely good year and hope that in February, when the new Council takes up its duties, it will continue to act for the good of the Student body.

SAM KATZ, '27.

*Secretary.*

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Silver—"Here is a nickel, I found it in the soup."

S.B.S.—"Yes, I put it there, because you are always complaining about the lack of change in the meals."

Doc. M.—"Why is a horse that can't hold its head up like next Wednesday?"

Zex—"Don't know."

Doc. M.—"Because its neck's weak."

Zex—"Oh, I heard that joke about a weak back."



# THE STUDENT COUNCIL

*Left to right, seated—* Julius H. Freidfeld, Ira A. Wechsler, President; Samuel Katz, Vice-President; Carl J. Schiff.  
*Standing—* Carl P. Green, Eli Benhard, D. Dallas Ruch, Samuel Price.



RAYMOND ERIC WING, B.S., M.S.

In writing an article of welcome to Mr. Wing, our new Dairy instructor, it may not be amiss to tell something of his history, a history of which the school may well be proud.

Mr. Wing was born in Attleboro, Mass., the place of the Blue Hills. He attended the Chester High School, afterwards matriculating at the Stanton Military Academy. He was graduated from this institution in 1920, and in the same year entered the Connecticut Agricultural College. At college Mr. Wing specialized in Dairying and Genetics. In 1924 he received the degree of Bachelor of Science in Agriculture and in 1925 his Master of Science in Agriculture.

In addition to his wonderful scholastic standing throughout his college career, Mr. Wing was awarded the coveted "C" of Connecticut Agricultural College in track. His popularity and good fellowship were shown by his election to the Alpha Gamma Rho, the National Agricultural Fraternity. He was steadily climbing the ladder of fame and in his Senior year he was elected president of his fraternity.

Aside from the agricultural education received at college, Mr. Wing was adjutant of the school's Reserve Officers Training Corps. Later he was given the commission of 2nd Lieutenant.

Mr. Wing came to the National Farm School in September, 1926. He certainly deserves to be congratulated upon his popularity in the short time he has been with us. It is, indeed, a pleasure to know that the students have so early come to recognize the worth of him who has his profession at heart. We, of the *GLEANER* Staff, are very glad that Mr. Wing has come to be with us, and hope the regard and admiration of his students will continue.

HERMAN FEISSER

During the past year, another new faculty member has been added to the National Farm School. Mr. Herman Feisser came to us in April, 1926, with the sole purpose of promoting the interest in Landscape Gardening. Baden-Baden, Germany, the birthplace of our new instructor, has been the inspiration for the many idealistic features in his landscaping work.

Perhaps it would be pleasing to know something of the past life of Mr. Feisser. He is a graduate of a European College. The education received in these institutions would have been sufficient to warrant him as a first-class Landscape Gardener, but to Mr. Feisser a great deal more was to be learned.

For some years he was the managing director of a large nursery in the New England States. Through his work he has won recognition from well known institutions, as to his ability for creating beauty in landscaping. His pleasing manner and his efforts to interest his pupils in Landscape Gardening have made him one of the best liked teachers on the Farm School campus.

Mr. Feisser is at present, working on a plan for changing the trees on the state road to some sort of shrubbery. He spends much time in class discussing the possibilities of beautifying our campus.

It is not only as a student, nor as a teacher, nor as a good landscaper that Mr. Feisser commands popularity and respect. The human qualities of the man appeal strongly.

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Archie—"That halfback will soon be our best man."

P.—"Oh! Archie, this is so sudden."





### ON THE ROAD

A. L. ZOLOTOR, '27

On the road to handle hay,  
Into the world so young and gay,  
We leave our Alma Mater in others' wake  
To seek our fortune, the world to make.

On the road to milk the cows.  
To tend to broods and grunting sows,  
Up early till late to feed,  
And tend the young and sickly need.

On the road to harness horses,  
Into the future in varied choruses,  
To plow the soil and harrow all day,  
To roll, seed, and haul the hay.

On the road to make farming pay,  
On the road to bless the day,  
That made you turn into paths of few,  
Who saw the future, and really knew  
That farming paid

### A FRESHMAN'S PRAYER

H. B. TRICHON, '29

I'd like to be a Junior,  
And with the Juniors sit;  
A fountain pen behind my ear,  
A notebook in my mitt.

I wouldn't like to be an angel,  
For angels have to sing;  
I'd rather be a Junior  
And never do a thing.

### HORTICULTURE SOCIETY

The Horticulture Society, organized during the spring of 1926, has made rapid strides toward success. The purpose of this organization is to stimulate more interest in horticulture, landscaping, and greenhouseing.

At the first meeting, held March 7, 1926, the following were elected to fill the offices for the year: Honorary Pres., Mr. Purmell; Pres., Jack Rosenthal; Vice-Pres., Lewis Eckstein, Secretary and Treasurer, Harry Bachman.

During the summer months, moving pictures were shown every alternate Friday, and proved to be very educational. A trip was fostered by the Society, and met with great success. We visited the Andorra Nurseries, at Chestnut Hill, Pa., and a great deal of knowledge was derived from the journey.

Men of prominence were brought here by the Society to speak to the student body. Among them were Mr. Atkinson, President of the Bucks County Horticultural Society, who talked of his experiences in orcharding. Mr. Kerr, the superintendent of Burpee's experimental grounds, and one of the most eminent plant breeders in this country, gave us a talk on the importance of plant breeding. In his talk he discussed breeding as a science, and the benefits derived from it by mankind.

The first year of the organization is completed, and we hope this club will continue its existence during the succeeding years. The Seniors of the Society take this opportunity to wish the underclassmen all the luck possible for the coming year.

HARRY BACHMAN, '27.

Trichon—"What is correct, a herd of camels or a flock of camels?"

Semel—"Neither—a pack of camels."

## The Varsity Club

One of the outstanding organizations of The National Farm School, is the Varsity Club. It is composed of the fellows who have attained the height of proficiency in the various sports in which they have participated, so as to receive the coveted "F."

Before the Varsity Club was organized, little harmony existed among the letter men of the school. There was nothing to bring them together, scholastically or socially. The success of athletics in the school depends upon the varsity men: therefore the Varsity Club was organized. Its purpose of maintaining a high degree of school spirit in the Student Body and making the Farm School "F" a goal to strive for, has been, thus far, very successful.

At various times of the year important discussions are held concerning the sport to be played at that period. Coach Samuels looks for the best material in each sport to the Varsity Club. The "F" Club, as it is popularly known, has never failed to fulfill the expectations of the Coach.

The accomplishments of the Varsity Club have been such as to warrant outside interest. During the time this Club has been organized three prizes have been offered to the outstanding athletes from outsiders who have noticed the wonderful showing of our teams.

Through the efforts of the Club, sweaters and gold footballs have been awarded to successful teams. Another feature largely due to the efforts of the

"F" Club, has been the awarding in the future, of certificates to the letter men.

Every N. F. S. fellow is interested in sports of some sort, whether it be baseball, football or basketball. Every fellow here also feels a thrill, a certain pride, in the prowess of his school, when he witnesses a game and sees N. F. S. emerge victorious. The Varsity Club has increased this feeling within the Student Body. The students have realized the importance of this organization and have worked hand and hand with it.

The members of the Varsity Club have gained a great deal by being the leaders in Athletics at Farm School. One cannot realize what the companionship has meant in our lives. No one can realize what the athletic event of which you become a leader will do for you—or what it means to wear the letter of Green and Gold. I do not mean what the letter is in itself;—I mean what the real and traditional principles of the letter stand for, as it should be looked upon.

To the Varsity Club members of the graduating class, namely Bachman, Semel, Tuchman, Levin, Eckstein, and Rosenthal, in behalf of the Varsity Club, I bid you all farewell. You have done your share and the others must follow. The gaps that you leave in the various teams will be felt. An invitation to attend further meetings with the Varsity Club is tendered to you, who are leaving your Alma Mater.

JOHNNY COWEN, '28,  
*President.*



THE VARSITY CLUB



## THE SENATE

THE Senate, the student law governing body, consisting of five Seniors and three Juniors, has just completed its official term for the year 1926, pending the election of the new Senate for 1927.

It is a pretty hard thing to punish a friend of yours, who has broken a Senate law, and yet be that person's friend. That is the situation of Student Government in disciplinary cases, and yet it must be done, and the persons being punished must have a broadminded view not to be hurt in such a manner that he has lost a friend, or made an enemy.

We then take the privileges that were asked of the faculty. In this respect we have accomplished enough for the past administration, of which we feel proud. Saturday mornings off was one of the big things added to the many others.

The Jury, a branch of the Senate, whose duty it is to try class distinction cases, should be given commendation, too. There are four men picked from the Student Body list, usually two Juniors and two Seniors, with the Secretary of the Senate presiding at all meetings. After Nov. 1 a freshman may serve on the Jury. These men are picked and cannot be prejudiced in trying cases, therefore the Jury may take a lot off of the Senate's hands in trying petty cases or else cases in which the Senate may be hurt in any way.

In closing our year we must give credit where credit is due, and that should be given to our President of the Student Body and Senate, Mr. Ira Wechsler. He has handled situations throughout the entire year, in the most pleasant and intelligent manner, and we feel that every

one appreciates what he has done for the students this year.

To the Faculty we wish to give thanks for the thoughtful consideration and assistance and for the added privileges given to the students. At all times we did not fear for a fair hearing.

We wish to thank all those who have supported us, and we hope the new Senate will receive the full-hearted co-operation of the Student body and Faculty.

SAM KATZ, '27,  
*Secretary.*

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## LITERARY

*(Continued from page 37)*

friends, he was barbarously murdered at the foot of Pompey's statue. He was a true Roman, and when he saw the daggers gleam he did not cower in fear, but wrapped his cloak about him and awaited the fatal strokes.

Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes, was a just and merciful magistrate. He made no discrimination between the rich or poor, but went too far in his judgment by trying to do away with the people, who rose in rebellion and murdered him.

Admiral Nelson, having been seriously shot by the French marksman at Trafalgar, expired shortly after. He was repeatedly heard to say, even in his last moments—"Thank God, that I have done my duty." What praises can be showered upon such a man, a man who thought more of duty than of himself, a man who as he lay on his death-bed thanked God that he had been permitted to perform the work which had been assigned to him.

Thus, in these few illustrations, I have tried to show how some of our noblest patriarchs died, and how dauntlessly they met their fate.



THE EDIQUETTE TABLE IN FULL SWING

## THE COCKERALS

Now, with graduation drawing near, we look back at our accomplishments during the past season. It must also be remembered that we remaining members shall witness the exit of some of our best associates, due to graduation. We cannot praise these members too highly for the work they did in organizing such an interesting club. It was through their efforts mainly that we received as much as we did out of the Cockerals.

In reviewing some of the things we achieved, we cannot help but regret the late organization of this club.

Within five months we obtained instructive motion pictures from the Dept. of Agr., which were shown in the gym, every Thursday evening. We also made a trip to the Sesqui-Centennial in Philadelphia where we saw the most wonderful display of poultry ever shown in the world.

These and many other things served to make our club pleasant and entertaining throughout the year.

We hope to keep up the good work of the club and to increase our membership when the new Freshmen enter in the spring.

JOS. LYNCH, '28.

## THE VETERINARY SOCIETY

During the past year the foundation of this club was laid by a steadily growing interest in Veterinary Science—in the form of the Veterinary Society. Since organizing on October 12, 1926, the progress of this club has been gratifying. Besides the interest shown by the students our Veterinary Science Instructor, Dr. Wesley Massinger, has added greatly to the club by his personality, interesting talks, and his great love for animals.

Our forthcoming schedule of trips will open with a visit to the U. of P.'s Vet. Science Dept. Through the efforts of Dr. Massinger the members of the Society will be shown some very interesting points by eminent leaders of Veterinary Science.

Finally, to Mr. Wilan, our president and Mr. Cohen, our Vice-president, the Senior officers, I wish to convey the thanks and appreciation of the Society for their help in the starting of this organization. To the other Senior members who are graduating we wish to convey the message of welcoming them back to our meetings in the future.

D. DALLAS RUCH, '29

## The Athletic Board

**O**UTSIDERS might wonder, who is in back of all Farm School athletics? Who controls the athletics? That is one of the many reasons for the Athletic Board of the National Farm School.

It consists of three faculty members, namely, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Samuels and Mr. Stangel, and three students, Sam Katz, President, Harry Bachman, Secretary and Treasurer, and Joe Tuchman, Welfare Manager.

The purposes of the A. A. Board are:

1. To take care of the athletic association equipment.

2. To supervise all bookkeeping methods and accounts.

3. To be responsible for the annual budget which covers all athletic schedules.

4. To approve athletic schedules.

5. To take charge of all athletic funds and appropriations, and expenditures of same.

6. To supervise all purchases.

7. To serve in an advisory capacity, for the good and welfare of the athletic association.

8. To regulate and control all class games.

9. To award all school insignia and emblems recommended by the coach, captain and manager.

The athletic board has done much the past year. It arranged the award of sweaters and gold footballs to the varsity members, besides the award of a certificate to "F" winners, which will be a more permanent record. An accomplishment of the Board was the regulation of the budget with the result that the Athletic Association is in the best financial condition it has ever been.

With a bright future ahead, the graduating members of the '27 Class hand over the leadership of the Athletic Board to the Board of the Class of '28, wishing them a most successful year.

HARRY BACHMAN, '27,

*Secretary.*

*Compliments*  
*of*  
**M. TRICHON**







#### THE ATHLETIC BOARD

*Left to right, seated—*Harry Bachman, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Samuels, Samuel Katz, Chairman.  
*Standing—*Albert Abelson, Joseph Tuchman, Mr. Stangel, Lewis Eckstein.



Ween Weinberg, winner of the wooden-plated, fur-lined shaving mug, for the best shaved man in 47 counties.

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## THE CORN SHOW

J. LIEBERNICK, '29

Amidst novel and picturesque surroundings, the National Farm School held its second annual Corn Show, at Segal Hall on Saturday, December 11, 1926. The event was the most successful ever staged, and marked the end of a prosperous year for the school.

The corn judging was done by Professor Schmitz, who highly complimented the students on their work and the manner in which they managed the exhibit. Altogether there were 121 different exhibits, which comprised about 1000 ears of yellow and white corn.

Professor Schmitz, Extension Specialist of State College, was the speaker of the day. In his address he urged the students to stick to agriculture, and to get a farm of their own as as soon possible. His formula for success was to start on a small scale, to save money in every possible way, and constantly to improve the farm.

Referring to the rapid drift of the rural population cityward, Mr. Schmitz stated that we can well afford to lose more of the unintelligent farmers to city life, but that we must supply more young men of high intelligence, who will raise the standard of farm life by the thorough use of modern and scientific farming.

In concluding, he expressed his hope that the students would not be discouraged from adopting farming as a life career, by pessimistic reports of agricultural conditions.

The prize winners included the following students: F. H. Toland, N. Tankenbaum, H. Semel, R. Holloway, W. W. Weiss, H. Brick, Joseph I. Brown, M. Berick, A. Zolotor, J. Weinberg, D. Wilan, and B. Rosen.

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## FOOTBALL BANQUET

SAM KATZ, '27

On Thursday, January 6, 1927, the football banquet was held under the auspices of the Student Council. Our successful football year was reviewed and our football athletes awarded trophies.

Coach Hugo Bezdek, athletic director of Penn State College, was the principal speaker of the evening.

Together with Mr. Bezdek's wonderful speech were heard other good talks from members of the Board, and from Capt. Lynch, who gave a talk on, "My Year as Captain."

Captain Lynch was also presented with a beautiful watch, from Mr. Louis Hirsch, for being the most valuable player on the football team. We thank Mr. Hirsch for his gift and wish to state, that he can rest assured it was presented to the best man.

Immediately after Mr. Hirsch presented his gift, Mr. Weintraub stated that he would also present a similar gift next year. This was followed with a gift from Mr. Meyer Simon.

Last but not least, came the awarding of gold footballs and sweaters to the letter men by Coach S. B. Samuels, who thanked the students and faculty for co-operating with him.

Those who were awarded sweaters and gold footballs were: Captain Lynch, Cowen, Elliot, Lipman, Rosen, Meyers, Horwitz, Stonitsch, Bernhard, Levine, Fidelgoltz, Levin, Freifeld, Bachman, Hogue, and Manager Abelson.

Honorary letters were awarded to Harry Semel, Jack Rosenthal, and Joe Tuchman.

The banquet we believe was the best ever held in Farm School and we wish to thank all those who helped make it a success—Ira Wechsler, Carl Green, Dal Ruch, Mr. Wright, Mr. Allman, and the Faculty.

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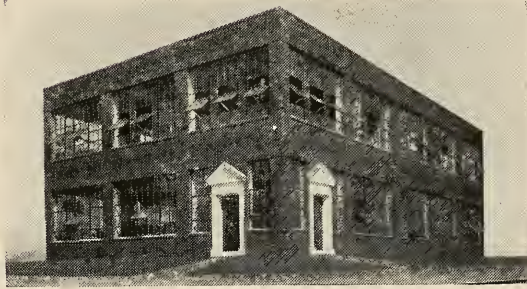
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